How long must a Girl wait for Screen Fame?

Movie Weekly

August 18
1923

Ten Cents

Why I shall never marry again
by Viola Dana

Would I allow my Daughter in Pictures?

Helen Henderson
ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

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No. 28

Can HAYS induce ZUKOR to let VALENTINO work?

Coming

Will It Happen?

Rudolph Valentino, the most romantic personality in the world, has been signed by a large producing company to make a series of three pictures. As things stand the popular screen star is denied the opportunity to appear on the screen by a court injunction. And until the time comes that his contract with Famous Players expires or the courts rule otherwise, Rudy will not be allowed to work before the camera for any company other than Famous Payers.

But will Will Hays, the supervising chief of movie land, be able to change all this? With one scrape of the pen Adolph Zukor, the president of Famous Players, could restore Valentino to his place upon the silver-sheet, where so many millions of people throughout the world desire to see him again.

Will Zukor do it?

Read the inside story of the situation in next week's Movie Weekly. You will understand it in a way you never did before.

On the news-stands Thursday.

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How long must a girl wait for screen fame? Marion Davies tells

Charming screen star discusses film career and tells *how soon one may reasonably expect success* in silent drama

An interview with
Regina Cannon

HOW long must one expect to wait before reward in the guise of Fame comes to crown the efforts of a girl with movie aspirations?

If one can give credence to gossip, we've all heard that Rome wasn't built in a day, that it took more than a single battle to make Napoleon a great general, and more than one after-dinner speech to distinguish Cicero as a world-renowned orator.

But why bother to consider Napoleon's name—which nowadays stands for nothing more significant than a piece of French pastry, anyway—when there is such a fascinating discussion as a film favorite's fame and fortune at hand.

Having given this idea careful thought and arrived—where we usually arrive—Nowhere, we decided to take the matter up with a screen star who has arrived—Somewhere.

We passed a brand new Temple to the Photo Drama at Columbus Circle displaying posters which read—Marion Davies in "Little Old New York." "Ah," we deduced, "our *victim.*" For Marion Davies, famous beauty answers the main qualification—she has decidedly "arrived" somewhere—very near the top.

The next day, with the thermometer registering 98 in the shade and steadily soaring, and our organdie drooping and our complexion divorcing itself from our cheeks, we visited Miss Davies at her studio.

Having satisfied the usual battery of maids and secretaries that our intentions were strictly honorable, that we weren't there to lure away any of the main props, sets, etc., we were ushered in to Miss Davies' dressing room.

And there, before an ivory dressing table, adorned with boxes of make-up and bottles of perfume, sat Marion Davies. She extended her hand graciously and favored us with a smile. We just stared stupidly, it being the first time we had ever seen *the* Marion Davies in person—although we've met plenty of persons who claim to look *just* like her. But, to you we tell it, it can't be done!

For Marion Davies is the symbol of all the princesses in all the fairy tales you've ever read. She is slender, golden-haired and blue-eyed, with a wild rose complexion. Do you wonder that we were a bit dazzled?

"Miss Davies, if you can talk of such *carthy* things," we began, "how soon may a girl expect success on the screen?"

"Not for several years," returned the princess slowly. "That's not too long to spend in order to attain a goal," she hastened on, evidently noticing our dismay. "Why it takes time for a secretary to acquire speed in dictation and years for a dancer to master ballet technique—so why shouldn't a screen actress expect to work a few years before she earns fame and attains popularity? You know, anything that's worth having is worth working and waiting for," lectured our fair friend with a wise nod of her golden head.

"Three years seems a long time," we said. "Suppose a girl should be unfortunate enough to be cast in parts unsuited to her during the best part of the three years?"

"That wouldn't necessarily retard her progress," returned Marion. "Even if an actress should do what are known as straight parts eventually — comedy, even the slapstick variety, to begin with, can be used as a stepping-stone to something better.

"By the way, did you know that comedy parts are very difficult to portray? One has to be mentally alert, on the *qui vive* every second, with her mind travelling as fast as the custard pie that is hurled at the villain.

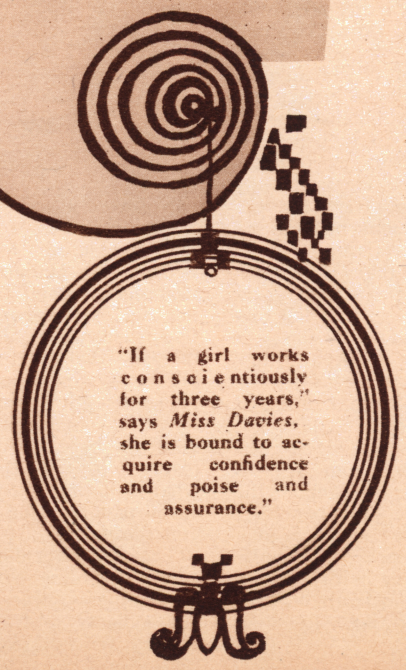
"You know, the camera registers everything. It almost pictures what one is thinking of—it is a cold, calculating, severe critic. I guess many an actress views her day's work in the projection room where she sees the 'rushes' and wishes the camera had done a little rushing in the way of passing by her defects.

"But if a girl works conscientiously for three years she is bound to acquire confidence and poise and assurance. She will 'step into' a character with ease and 'live it' while she is interpreting it. The only way to get to the top is by hard work and experience. One cannot become experienced in a day—it takes time. At the end of a few years Fame should be in sight. And—after all, what is Fame?"

"No star thinks of her success in terms of Fame or the Almighty Dollar, as is often supposed. Fame to us means the approval of the audience we are trying to reach. I am more proud of a sincere fan letter I receive than of any picture I have ever made. For it gives me as much pleasure to hear from an unknown friend who likes my work as to hear my director say 'Fine,' when a scene has been shot."

And that answers the question which movie fans are always asking, as to whether a screen star likes to get fan letters!

By now, fans, you'll probably agree that Marion Davies says interesting things in an interesting way, and that she is as clever as she is beautiful—which is saying a great deal.



"If a girl works conscientiously for three years," says *Miss Davies*, she is bound to acquire confidence and poise and assurance."

Methodists have cut from

Andree Anson, a dancer in *Red Lights*," will never be seen by the members of the camp-meeting if the *Censor* knows anything about it.

DOWN in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, where annually the Methodist clergymen gather to hold their time-honored camp-meeting, a new sort of censorship has been established. Here, where the ocean is built so close to the shore, a novel prohibition has been put into motion. This latter affects with peculiar, if not exclusive, force the movies, and consists of a ban that has been placed on drinking scenes in motion pictures, as well as those other impedimenta of high life variously designated as hula-hula dancing and wild parties. For, be it known that no Methodist clergyman is going to be led astray if Clarence D. Antrim can help it.

Mr. Antrim is the manager of a Philadelphia Lyceum Bureau, whose job it is to select the movies which are shown to the Methodist clergymen in the Ocean Grove Auditorium during the summer convention. For some years past, it has been the custom to entertain the clergymen by movies during such times as they were not engaged otherwise, in the more serious business of the camp-meeting, mainly that of talking.

Whether or not the movies that have been shown the camp-meeting during former years have proved objectionable, is not known. All that is known is that Mr. Antrim, whose business it is to supply the pictures shown in the Auditorium, has been working overtime with a pair of shears, clipping out those parts which were considered unfit for the eyes of clergymen.

No longer, therefore, will it be possible for the minister attending the convention from Jenkins Corners, Vermont, to see portrayed upon the silver sheet any of those vices that are popularly supposed to be gilded. A flash, for instance, of a bathing girl prancing along a beach, or a hula-hula dancer oscillating on a table with nothing over her but the ceiling, will henceforth be banished from the movie itinerary of those attending the camp-meeting.

Not even a scene wherein a woman smokes a cigarette will be permitted to remain, with the fine Italian hand of Clarence Antrim functioning, for Mr. Antrim is cutting such things from the pictures that pass through his hands, simply as though he hadn't got a moment to live. No stone will be left unturned by Mr. Antrim in his zeal to give the clergy what in his mind constitutes clean pictures, and that, if you please, is just about all there is to it.

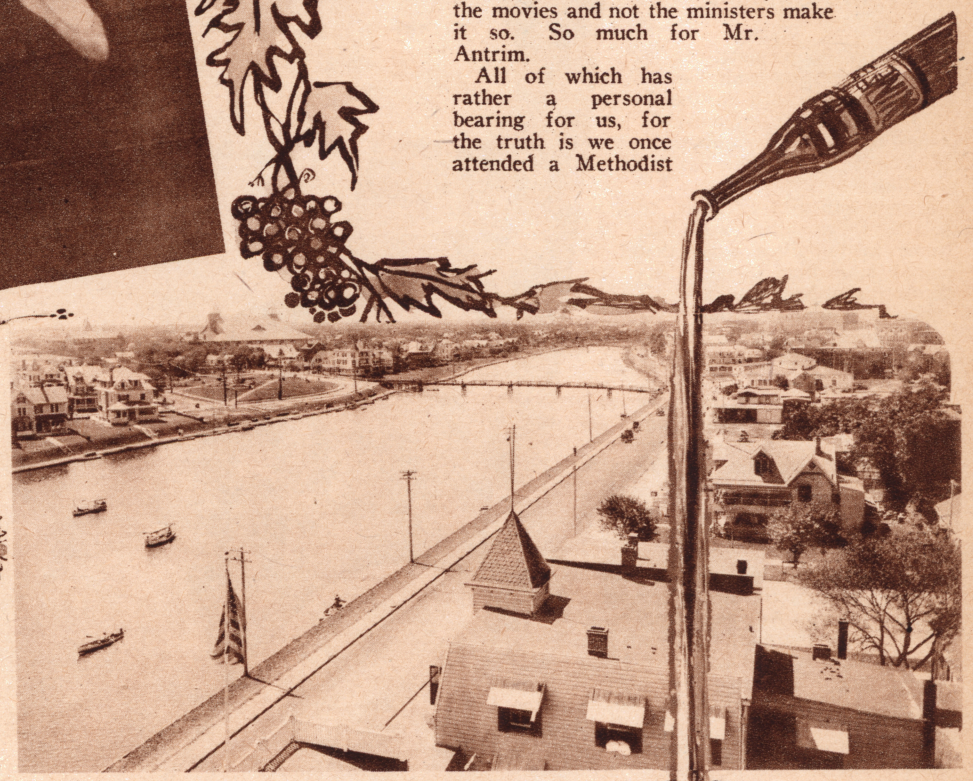
The underworld is another offender in this respect, according to Mr. Antrim, who snips with his ruthless shears every scene depicting crime and violence. Strangely enough, the pictures so deleted are not pictures banned by the National State Board of Censorship. Indeed, Mr. Antrim begins where the State Censors leave off, and he insists, furthermore, that the pictures he cuts are made nothing but better by his keenest excisions.

THE public," Mr. Antrim explains, "would rather not see the things I leave out. Why, last year, in some of the pictures which were rated as the best, it was necessary for me to cut out as much as three or four hundred feet of film before they were fit to use. You see, we want things that are fit to run in a church and that show the sort of things a church can indorse."

And that's the situation. In order to make the average movie sufficiently proper for a minister or church folks to witness, Mr. Antrim finds it necessary to cut reams of film out of every picture that's shown. His job is a hard one, he says, but the movies and not the ministers make it so. So much for Mr. Antrim.

All of which has rather a personal bearing for us, for the truth is we once attended a Methodist church in boyhood and haven't forgotten the good things we learned there, either.

But it occurs to us to wonder if the rigid avoidance of all that is not regarded as strictly proper is the end toward which all clergymen in their taste for entertainment should hopefully aspire. It has happened in the history of the world that good has come out of evil and that



A glimpse of *Ocean Grove, New Jersey*, where the *Methodist Camp Meeting* has been held annually for years.

Wine and Wild Women Movies

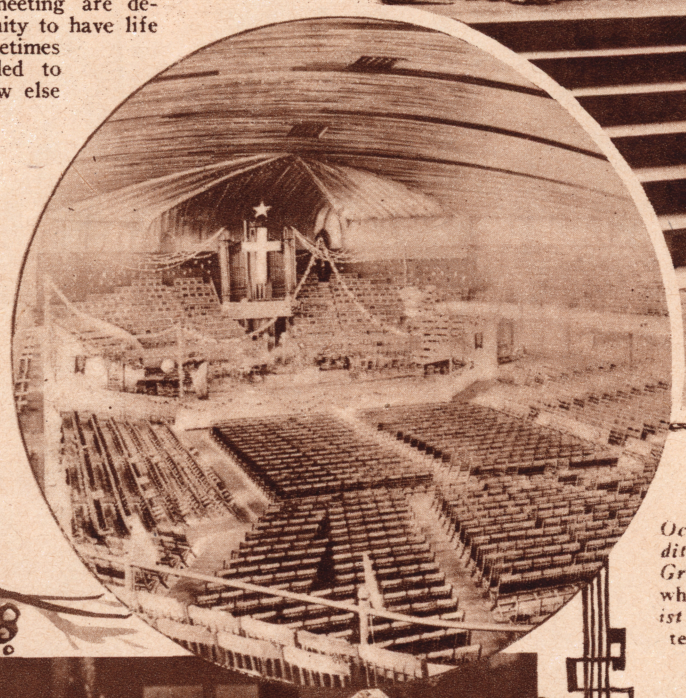
Churchmen are *protected from menace of hula-hula* by rigid censorship of lyceum bureau manager

By David A. Balch

sometimes a great wrong has been corrected by the exposure, notably in fiction, of certain conditions that were an indelible blot of shame on the history of mankind.

If the clergymen who attend the Ocean Grove camp-meeting are deprived of an opportunity to have life in its varied and sometimes sordid aspects revealed to them in the films, how else are they going to learn it? There is fiction, to be sure, but the movies offer a reliable index to modern youth which, as often as not, is wild youth, and if the clergy is going to have those portions of the films which portray human frailty cut from their gaze, then how are they to understand the problems of the human heart which, frequently, as confidants of souls in trouble, they are called upon to do?

In this scene from *"Lawful Larceny"* are found many of the qualities to which *Mr. Antrim* objects.



Ocean Grove Auditorium at *Ocean Grove, N. J.*, where the *Methodist* clergymen attend the movies.

This is the sort of "wild party" that henceforth will be banned in *Ocean Grove*. The scene is from *"Has the World Gone Mad?"*

We don't want to become unduly concerned about the matter, but we do honestly wonder how the clergy, if it is to function efficiently in its business of ministering to the heart of humanity, can continue doing so if it is automatically deprived of seeing certain phases of life in their honest nakedness.

Occasionally, a stout-hearted gentleman is found who declaims angrily: "There are more ministers in jail than there are actors!" But we do not believe this. We believe ministers are good men—just as good as the rest of us, but we can't for the life of us see why they should have movies expurgated for them by someone who is probably no better as a man than are they. And if he is worse, what right has he got censoring their movies?

No! We feel that the average minister, whether in Ocean Grove or elsewhere, is quite as capable of taking care of himself under any and all conditions as any censor, and that the temptation presented to him in the form of a hula-hula dance is no more difficult of vanquishment than it is for the gent who wields the censorial scissors.

TO BE sure, there are members of the clergy who are strongly in support of the institution the aforesaid censor constitutes, and one of these is Dr. William Downey, pastor of the East Montgomery Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia, and former editor of The Twentieth Century Pastor. The fact that Dr. Downey was once an editor is the only thing that makes us suspicious of him. Dr. Downey has gone on record as saying that he never thought of attending the ordinary movie, but found those given at Ocean Grove "clean and highly entertaining."

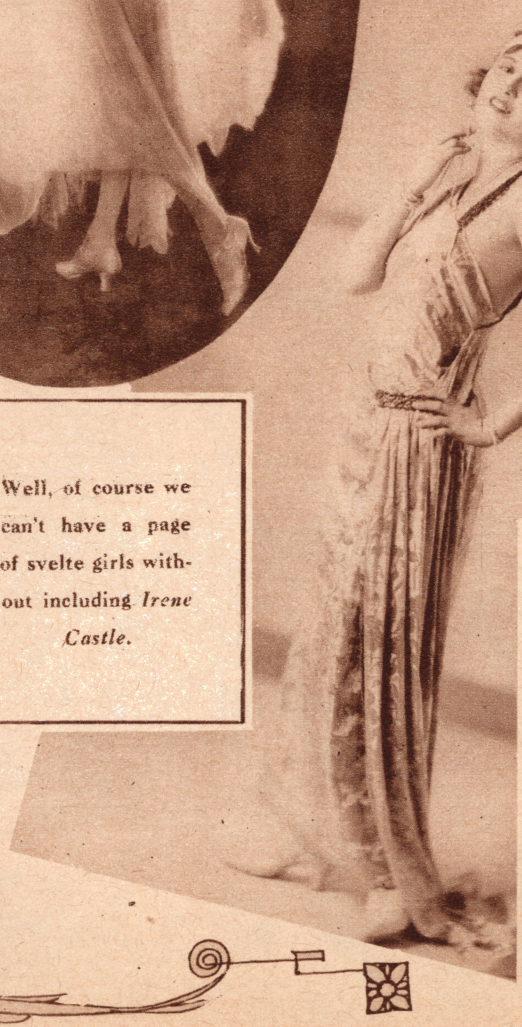
Well, we feel we could suggest a number of movies at which the good doctor might pass an entertaining evening without finding anything that was unclean. But on second thought, we wonder if Mr. Antrim would allow them to remain as *was*. The fight scene, for instance, in "Tol'able David" would, we fear, suffer the ruthless shears, as would some of those horrible, but magnificent, moments of realism

(*Continued on page* 30)

Swell Girls and Svelte—— in the Movies

What a great responsibility one little strap has! *Ruby Miller* as she appear in *"Alimony."*

"Si, si" — and there's lots to see. It's *Carmelita Geraghy* in *"Souls For Sale."* BULL.



Among *Mae Murray's* other accomplishments, she can run a train. She'd have to, in order to wear this gown.

Well, of course we can't have a page of svelte girls without including *Irene Castle.*

Vola Vale, when it comes to wearing clothes, is right in trim for her role in *"Alimony."*

"We don't believe in separating!" Say Jack and Marilynn

Mr. and Mrs. Pickford are surprised at home and led into declaring that *they do not believe that married people taking vacations* from each other

By Grace Greenwood

"If you are married," said *Jack*, "your wife is your pal and if she isn't you have no business to be married at all."

WHATEVER other people have to say about married people taking vacations from each other, Jack and I don't believe in it, do we, Jack?"

Marilynn Miller smiled beamingly across the luncheon table at Jack Pickford, and Jack smiled back sympathetically, but a bit sheepishly. Husbands are such practical things! But he means it quite as earnestly as does Marilynn.

"No, this husband emeritus idea doesn't appeal to me at all!" grinned Jack. "If you are married, your wife is your pal, or if she isn't you have no business to be married to her at all!"

So that's that.

All of which conversation was led up to by the fact that Jack and Marilynn are going back to New York together when Marilynn returns to go into the new Ziegfeld show next fall. In the meantime, Jack is making a picture in Hollywood, but it is to be his last in the West. Henceforth he is to make his pictures in New York, with possibly one filmed abroad—that is, in case his wife goes to appear there in a Ziegfeld show which the producer may send abroad.

"And Jack and I do want to go abroad, don't we?" Marilynn insisted prettily.

"When we go east, Jack insists on moving his whole household," explained Jack's wife. "If he owned a tame white rat, he'd take that, I know," she laughed. "As it is, he is taking his race horse, Doctor Winifred, which he bought at Tia Juana, and which he intends entering in the eastern races. Then there is his dog, which nothing in the world could make him desert. And of course he's going to take the valet and chauffeur he has had for years. You see, Jack is one of those faithful souls."

BUT the best of all the news, to Jack and Marilynn, is that they intend building a home on Long Island.

"That has been a cherished dream ever since Jack and I began going together," explained Marilynn, as she poured out another glass of ice tea, and was nice enough to remember that I took lemon with no sugar. It is little things like this that endear you to a person, say what you will.

The house is going to be just the way they have always planned it—not too large, but a homey place, with kennels for the dogs and stables for the horses, and tennis courts, for Jack and Marilynn are both tennis hounds. And of course there will be a yacht.

Jack and *Marilynn* are seen here "at home," engaged in playing *Mah Jong*, a popular *Chinese* game.

Then there are the theatres which both enjoy, and which Marilynn can attend with Jack on matinee days when neither is working.

And Marilynn may gradually ease out of stage work and into picturees herself.

She is having a very nice vacation, but all the same she is doing some planning. She had some tests made, the other day at the Fairbanks-Pickford studios, and she finds that she films very nicely indeed. So there's to be no trouble on that score.

And Marilynn has definitely decided to make no pictures during her present vacation, but to make at least one next summer. That is, if all goes well. The picture is to be released through United Artists, and maybe Jack will play in it, too.

"Marilynn and I have done some scenes together, and we find we work excellently together," explained Jack, helping himself to a second dish of ice cream like a small boy, even though Marilynn does frown at him and murmur something about "fat." But Jack is far from fat now, and probably won't have to worry about it for some time.

"You're jealous!" And Jack laughed that gurgling sort of laugh that belongs exclusively to him and his sister Mary, and which is very engaging. Marilynn is afraid of getting fat.

NOT only is Marilynn having tests taken, but she is keeping in trim so far as her dancing is concerned. She is studying with Theodore Kosloff, and puts in two or three hard hours' practice every day. For a dancer can never let up on his or her work as another worker can do.

"If I didn't spend a bit of time dancing every day," explained Marilynn, "my muscles would grow soft, and it would take weeks to get back into shape, besides which, when I began practicing again, my muscles would grow so sore that I couldn't work easily or in any sort of comfort. I want, too, to progress in my work, and I enjoy the classic ballet work which I am taking up with Kosloff, who is an excellent teacher."

"But we do manage a little vacation," Jack explained. "For instance, we motor a great deal to the beach and mountains. Marilynn likes that better than anything."

(*Continued on page 30*)

Do you select your movie by its title?

Barbara La Marr in "Poor Men's Wives," considered a 100 per cent box office title.

Cuesar Gravina and Dale Fuller in a scene from "Greed," a title changed from "McTeague."

Speculation is aroused over *drawing power of screen plays' names*—Some like 'em hot and some like 'em cold

By Alma M. Talley

WHAT do you go to the movies for, anyhow?

When the last dinner dish is washed and dried and put away, and you start down the street after amusement, how do you know which picture show to select? What makes you decide on the one you do?

Is it the star? Do you see a theatre advertising Mae Murray in "Jazzmania" and say, "Oh, let's go there; Mae Murray's my favorite?" Are you one of those movie fans who don't care what the picture is as long as you see your favorite star?

Or do you, perhaps, select a picture because D. W. Griffith or Rex Ingram directed it and their pictures, you figure, are always good?

Or, again, do you go to a picture because the title sounds good to you? "Rich Men's Wives," you read the sign, and immediately your imagination pictures beautiful women in gorgeous negligees reclining on silken pillows; ball room scenes with more beautiful women floating about in jewels and not much else. And perhaps, you are secretly hoping the picture will prove to you that after all you are much happier than the rich men's wives in the picture.

Is that what makes you choose the movies you do? Or do you just go to see the pictures that someone recommends to you? What does make you decide against seeing this picture and for seeing that one?

The movie industry lately has been trying to find out. One prominent film official has been asking his audiences to write him how they felt about the subject—whether they considered stars, directors or titles the most important in getting them into the theatre. And the public decided. They came out in favor of titles!

Another producer considers a good title worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and offered a prize of that amount for usable ones. He evidently thinks that the public picks its pictures for their titles.

Do you?

If you saw a picture advertised under the fascinating title, "Luring Lips," would you be lured into going to see it? The chances are that you would!

"Rich Men's Wives," for instance, was considered a one hundred per cent box office title. "Standing room only" signs followed it about the country. In this connection, incidentally, it's surprising what the implication of marriage will do for a picture's box office value. Look at the De Mille series of several years ago—"Old Wives for New," "Don't Change Your Husband," "Why Change Your Wife?" "For Better, For Worse," and later, such pictures as "You Can't Fool Your Wife," "Is Matrimony a Failure?"—all of them titles that brought throngs to the ticket booth, quarters in hand. There's a sort of charm about that marriage idea that appeals to everyone. For practically everyone is married, was married, or hopes to be married. The subject has a universal appeal. And in seeing a picture of married life, we put ourselves in the place of the hero or heroine.

ANOTHER title which is sure to gather in the crowds is one which suggests the vampire—male or female. "Trifling Women" is an example, and all of Theda Bara's pictures in the past. This theory was responsible for the titling of "The Queen of Sin," the recent German picture which was called so because of the box office value of the title; although, as it developed, there was no sin whatever in the picture, unless you demand that a picture should be titled with some regard for the truth.

There is good psychology in such titles. All of us, down in our hearts, like to watch the vamp or the Don Juan in action. We enjoy seing them do the things we long to do ourselves but lack the nerve for. In the movies, it's fun to watch someone "getting away" with something and imagine it is yourself. There at least are no restraints on one's imagination..

And that explains the appeal of such titles as "Love Madness," "Passion's Playground," "The Right to Love" and "The Mad Marriage." Our feeling for adventure and romance is piqued by "Once to Every Woman," "A Midnight Romance," "When Dawn Came," "A Midnight Marriage," "All Night"—there are hundreds of such titles, carefully thought out by the film editors for the sole purpose of intriguing the public, of arousing curiosity. That's what a title does for a picture.

IT suggests things. To the tired wife, whose husband has long since ceased to have any glamor for her, there is always the Rudolph Valentino in the distance. There is always young Lochinvar waiting to come out of the West and claim her. There are always these things, that is, in her romantic imagination; though never, the chances are, would she admit it even to herself. And if she did admit it, she would realize at once that these things won't happen to her. But the movies help her to pretend they do.

And the same thing is true for the disillusioned husband. His wife, perhaps, with nothing to talk about but the way the baby cried and how food has gone up, has probably ceased to interest him. But at the movies, watching Barbara La Marr with those luminous eyes in action—what's to keep him from pretending that she's vamping him? And even, when the picture is over, what a satisfaction he can get out of feeling sorry for himself!

But to do all this for its weary patrons, the movies must first get them into the theatre. And that is where the titles come in. That is what the film editors have to keep in mind in titling their pictures. That is why a title is changed

(*Continued on page* 31)

Lumberjack *laughs* at Movie Folks' Hardships

Alice Brady looks good and warm in this scene from *"The Snow Bride,"* though we aren't told how many pairs of woolen stockings she is wearing.

Dweller in the "*great open spaces*" takes shot at "*The Diary of a Scenario Writer*" published recently in Movie Weekly—Alice Brady among those hit

By Jay Allan

WHEN I saw Theda Bara in "Kathleen Mavourneen," I thought I had plumbed the depths, that the silver screen and all the motion picture industry could not offer me anything to approach it, but in this I was in error, for the Diary of a Scenario Writer in the Wilds of Canada had yet to be published.

I thought I knew the "Wilds of Canada" as few men do; I thought I knew the hardy men who inhabit it from North Bay to the North Pole; I have hailed the Indian in almost every portion of the great Northland, have lived with him and his white neighbor, and counted them hardy men, but in this, it seems I was mistaken, they are thin blooded weaklings, aliens in the land of eternal snow, blood brother of the chechakoo, mollycoddles all.

For it is written in the Diary that "Two Indians who crossed the lake came back with their faces badly frozen, the first time in years they said," and farther on in this enlightening narrative, I read "The natives never attempt to expose themselves on such days (15 below), just bury themselves in homes, or tents or dugouts."

And a mere girl, a clever one I'll concede, for does she not swing herself up hill by catching hold of a tree with her arms, raising her legs to the tree above and pulling herself up with the aid of a steel-pointed cane—(held by her teeth, I presume)—sallies forth in such weather and reaches her destination—perspiring. And being a woman she was naturally, underdressed for such weather. All she wore was six pairs of woolen stockings, two heavy union suits, a heavy pair of bloomers and her riding breeches on top of that, three sweaters and a fur cape. All she had on her head was a knitted aviation cap and a fur hat over that.

And notwithstanding her half-clad condition and the absence of heat producing exercise, for if you remember, all she did was hurl herself from one tree to another on her upward climb, she arrived—perspiring. I was relieved to find that in the next instalment she dressed more in keeping with the climate and put on eight pairs of woolen stockings under her number twelve moccasins. And Mr. Kolker having substituted his short fur coat for his usual long one, and no doubt having changed from his fur-lined silk underwear to B. V. D.'s, froze his thigh, "the funniest freeze any of us has yet gotten." I'll announce to all and sundry that it is, and that "us" can be made so all embracing as to include the entire human race, for next to a frozen Indian, a frozen thigh is the noblest and rarest of Nature's freaks.

I have seen strange sights in the frozen North, but I cannot truthfully say that it was ever my good fortune to view the unusual spectacle of a movie star attired in "a gold lace boudoir cap and fur-trimmed red damask dressing gown, with fur slippers, in a temperature of fifteen below" assisting in the rescue of a team of horses from the icy waters of a lake. "Even in my wildest dreams of the City," my fertile brain (the one I do my dreaming with) ably assisted by an imagination noted for its vividness, could never, I know, conjure up such a picture. I marvel not that the natives were deferential. I would have been amazed, awed and thunder struck. With apologies to all concerned, and particularly Robert W. Service, I think I will have to immortalize the spectacle in deathless verse:

The Northern Lights have seen strange sights,
But the strangest, I'm bound to say,
Was the night on the marge of
Lake Labarge,
Alice rescued in decollete.

AND the episode of the snowshoes. But by the way, why bother with snowshoes, when you have eight pairs of stockings and a pair of number twelve moccasins? That surely should keep you afloat on the most sugary snow. One day, however, they did go without snowshoes as "the snow was frozen," which was extremely fortunate, for if the snow had been thawed or even unfrozen, the occasion would have demanded rubber boots or shoe packs, and if the thaw had become general, even a canoe would have been more appropriate than snowshoes. I know many fine upstanding chaps, now filling watery graves as the result of trying to walk on snow after it had thawed.

And in the midst of all the other "hardships in the open" the door froze, even the lock was frozen so hard that the handle wouldn't turn, and as far as I know they are all prisoners in that crude shanty yet. It was no surprise to me for I was anticipating just such a climax-capping calamity, for locks are very susceptible to cold and should never be used North of White River, Ontario, where the temperature rarely, even in mid-Winter drops lower than 65° below zero.

I was glad, however, that someone had sufficient presence of mind to use hot water, which I have always found very efficacious in thawing out locks. Once thawed out with hot water a lock will give you no further trouble that Winter, as hot water never freezes. Cold water will, but not hot water.

I know all the hardships endured by these hardy moving picture people, for I too have been in the very district where they suffered so intensely, and I know something of the hardships to be endured.

I feel that the "Wilds of Canada" should be left to the red-blooded he men, who have mined its gold, silver and nickel, and raised the wheat that enabled the one country in the late war that was in from the start to the garrison finish, to keep her dollar at par in the money markets of the world. The only man that I know of who is connected with the moving picture business, who is at home in that great land is Bob Flaherty, who filmed Nanook of the North, and he's a "native."

If I had a DAUGHTER would I allow

Movie Weekly representative reviews movie studio conditions and asserts that no first class director will *tolerate the presence of a really bad girl* on the set

By Gené Strong

Herbert Brenon, who reprimanded an extra girl for flirting in the studio.

THIS article is dedicated to the very young, children, I call them, who aspire to be movie stars. Most writers skim off the top, but I am going to reach the sediment at the bottom. Then, if you still feel the call of the Kleigs, you at least will have your eyes opened.

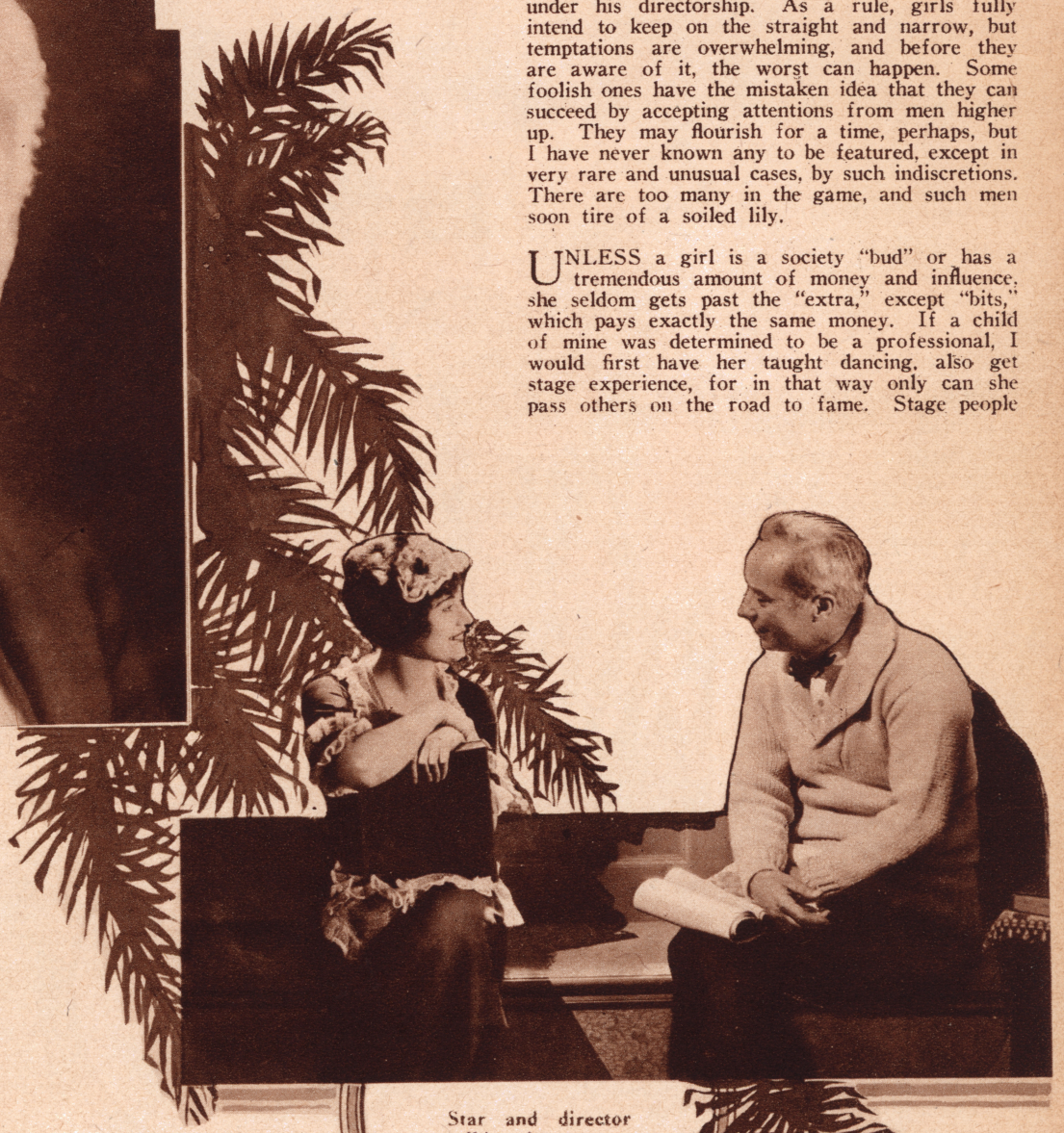
Where is there a girl reader of Movie Weekly whose heart does not go pittie pat, when she reads about Gloria Swanson's new five-thousand-dollar frock, or feels a pang of jealousy when looking at a picture of Charles Ray's love cot. Please remember that these two are celebrities, people who have reached the top rung of the ladder while you are only at the turnstile.

In choosing motion pictures as a vocation, did you ever stop to consider how few stars we really have, compared to the number trying to work in the front of the Cooper-Hewitts. I am informed that there are something like one hundred thousand in the United States alone. True, you may argue, there is competition in every line of work, yes, but when you obtain a position, you usually retain it. In pictures, as soon as you finish at one studio, you must look about in order to be cast somewhere else. When there is a big picture in progress, the studio has the appearance of all New York turned loose. No mother who understands the game would allow her daughter to run wild, looking for work. Not because men in movie land are any different, but they lead an indolent life, spending precious hours each day in idleness, causing most of the mischief. They have too much time on their hands. If a girl starts into pictures expecting to have her wings singed, by listening to honeyed words which mean absolutely nothing, it is not long before tongues begin to wag, on all sides, and in the end, oblivion, for the best directors will not tolerate the presence of a really bad girl. Recently I was working on a set with Mr. Herbert Brenon. He noticed one of the girls working on an exterior, flirting with a man outside the enclosure; immediately he walked over, reprimanding her, in no uncertain tone, asking if she knew the man addressed.

On the same "set" was another who thought she might get a little attention by leaving her stockings off. It took only five minutes to have them again adjusted. I liked Mr. Brenon for taking this attitude, feeling other girls would be protected under his directorship. As a rule, girls fully intend to keep on the straight and narrow, but temptations are overwhelming, and before they are aware of it, the worst can happen. Some foolish ones have the mistaken idea that they can succeed by accepting attentions from men higher up. They may flourish for a time, perhaps, but I have never known any to be featured, except in very rare and unusual cases, by such indiscretions. There are too many in the game, and such men soon tire of a soiled lily.

UNLESS a girl is a society "bud" or has a tremendous amount of money and influence, she seldom gets past the "extra," except "bits," which pays exactly the same money. If a child of mine was determined to be a professional, I would first have her taught dancing, also get stage experience, for in that way only can she pass others on the road to fame. Stage people are given the preference, always, in picture work. Personally, I consider the two quite a different line, but those are the existing conditions. If mothers can accompany their offspring and be cast for the same "sets," which a great number do, it relieves the anxiety. Men soon realize when it's a case of "hands off."

I know of some girls, very young, too, who go about constantly unchaperoned, but I never see them conversing with the male element. One told me she couldn't be annoyed, but those are in the minority. One youngster, one of the prettiest in pictures, asked me to go with her to a certain



Star and director talking it over on the set. *Betty Compson* and *Herbert Brenon* in a recent picture.

her in Pictures?

Mae Murray, movie star of *"The French Doll,"* whose dancing helped her to screen fame.

A lull between "takes." *Rupert Hughes* and the cast of *"Souls for Sale"* are seen here in *Goldwyn Studios.*

man's office. Upon entering, I recognized him as the same man who had been thrown out of another company, his contract being broken, because of complaints constantly coming to the office from young girls.

When we entered, he thought she was alone, until she turned and asked me to wait, while she entered his private office. He only occupied two seconds of her time, on that trip. His method was to invite girls seeking work to come to the office after hours, pretending he was a casting director, when, as a matter of fact, he is a picture salesman. After arrival, he would say it was essential that their limbs be perfect, and asked them to demonstrate by showing them. When they did so, thinking it a chance to get work, he would proceed to get insulting. This man is still at the old stand and I doubt very much if the firm he is now with realizes he is a menace to the younger generation.

THE advice I extend to the Movie Weekly readers comes straight from the shoulder. I know pictures from every angle. I know the agents who keep the door ajar to the inner office, or have their stenographer there when a young girl visits them and I know the other kind. Most of them dislike me because I know too much, but regardless of any personal feeling I may have, I tell only the truth, and those not guilty have nothing to fear. There is one indiscreet mother, who actually gave agents pictures of her daughter, a child of seventeen, taken in an extremely thin slip, her form showing every detail.

I saw a crimson flush shadow the girl's features, as her mother was showing them. I learned a couple of years later, she was desperately trying to obtain possession of the photographs, and upon inquiry was told she was engaged to a young chap with decided opinions concerning womanhood. She trembled, fearing he would hear of them. I recently came in contact with a very pathetic case, she was a girl of eighteen, beautiful, with sloe-black eyes, skin like alabaster, bobbed hair, which made her look much younger, as she was small. Her brother, who had been very successful in business before the war, returned home after fighting other nation's battles, a hopeless cripple. Her father had been paralyzed for the past year, causing the mother to be in constant attendance. They had quite a little money at the start, but it soon vanished, and Mary, as I will call her, was obliged to leave school and go to work.

One of her girl friends, in pictures, persuaded the mother to allow Mary to accompany her, which seemed the most plausible thing to do under the circumstances, as Mary had no business training. She was an accomplished pianist, however, but teaching music was entirely too slow, since money was needed at once. For awhile everything was rosy, Mary being given "bits" right from the start, like a cigarette or flower girl in cabaret scenes, and high-class atmosphere where the very young were in evidence, such as dances.

It happened some time later, an agent wanted a girl, unclothed, for a bath room scene, choosing Mary for the work. The agent offered her $7.50 (which is actually $6.75 with the discount), but after reaching the studio, she found it a twenty-dollar job instead. With five days' work, Mary felt very rich indeed, and quite elated over the adventure, as nothing unusual happened on the "set," having been shown every consideration. It seems that picture was the beginning of the end of her work on the silver sheet. They had taken several close-ups while in the tub. No one seeing the release could ascertain whether or not she was nude, but Mary thought the whole world would know of it.

Indeed, "atmosphere" in some way did find it out, the male gender of the profession giving her side glances as she passed on the street, causing her to droop her head for shame. Men on the "sets" where she happened to be, took it for granted she was theirs for the asking, and I doubt if the child had ever had a beau in all her life. Finally, humiliated beyond words, she left pictures, seeking other work, and is now employed in an office, getting a moderate salary. She says if only that scene could be destroyed, she would be happy, fearing it's the "tattle tale" that will ruin her future.

I told her to dismiss it from her mind, and deny any knowledge of it, in case it was mentioned by any of her friends, and I am positive she has taken my advice, since lately she has fallen in love with a likeable chap, who owns a car and has a fat bank account. Her face shows a radiance that outshines a career, for, after all, it is Love that rules the world. Another more desperate case is of a girl of twenty, who brought a small atom to this sphere, through intimate association with an unscrupulous man making a picture. He is repulsive in appearance, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, a cast in both eyes, and a disgusting mouth. Evidently her motive was stardom. In the end he ran away, leaving her to fight her battle alone.

DIRECTORS who are little known spend their leisure time flitting from flower to flower, but the better class never make themselves common, keeping aloof from the girls working in the scenes. The independent companies have quite a hard struggle because of the big corporations gobbling all the business, but when you work for them, you know you will be paid. Some independents open elaborate offices, remain perhaps seven or eight months, long enough to inveigle people into buying stock in their company. After reaping a harvest, they move away to parts unknown. Many working in pictures have been deceived in this manner.

Another company took a picture, getting people to work without pay until it was sold, so they said. In due time they took French leave. These, my dears, are the conditions in the land of Make-Believe. Will you or will you not strive for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?

Why I Shall Never Marry Again

by Viola DANA

Charming young screen star tells *what first and only love meant to her* —*All later* romance is as *water unto wine*

As related to Grace Kingsley

"The trouble is," said *Miss Dana*, "I never know an admirer long enough to find out whether I would be suited to him or not."

(NOTE): *Prospective suitors of Miss Dana will do well to write the following on their cuffs.*)

WELL, "never" is a long time, you know! There are two kinds of widows who don't care so much about marrying again—those who have been very unhappy in marriage, and those who have been very happy. I belong to the latter class.

If you have once had an ideal husband, you are rather afraid to take another chance.

Still, I really shouldn't be afraid to marry if I met a man I was sure I cared for.

But—I'm sure I should always be comparing a second husband with John Collins, my first husband, and that wouldn't be fair.

You see, I sort of grew up with John Collins—knew him from the time I was eleven years old. You might say my husband brought me up!

And my husband let me remain something of a kid. I don't know whether another man would care to marry a kid.

John Collins wasn't merely a husband. He was an adviser, an older brother, there was even something of a father about him toward me. He would say, "Now, Vi, you've got to work hard tomorrow—better not go to the picture show tonight!" And he would drag me home early from parties. That worked out ideally for us. If I hadn't been married to him, he wouldn't have known where I was. He took such good care of me.

Naturally, sometimes I speculate on a second marriage, and I find that my ideal husband is one that would make me think I was bossing, while all the time he was really bossing me. In other words, another John Collins.

"My ideal husband would be my boss," says *Viola Dana*, "but I'd think I was bossing him."

BUT THE trouble is, I never know an admirer long enough to find out whether I would be suited to him or not!

There's another consideration about a second marriage for myself: little people like my sister and myself can be awful spitfires. I have to control my temper all the time. Supposing I couldn't control it with my husband!

I walked out on my husband six months after we were married, I remember. But I got no farther than the door. Then I discovered I had only four cents in my pocketbook, so I walked right back again! I had tried that game of walking out on him a couple of times before, when we had little lovers' quarrels, but he always came after me quickly and brought me back. That last time, he just let me go, and then I had the humiliation of going back. I didn't do that again.

I am a very jealous person. I couldn't bear to marry a man who would flirt with other women. Most men like to flirt. Of course I might cure my husband by pretending to flirt, myself, but I should be very miserable, and that sort of thing is likely to turn out disastrously.

So, you see, the man I married must control with a firm, kind hand, not really bossing, but just directing for the best. He must be a rather wonderful man to do that. For one thing, he must have better judgment than I have, and I haven't met many men that I considered have better judgment than myself. I mean he must be a fine business man as well as a diplomat. He must be interested in the same things I am, too.

I don't know what I would do with a husband, in fact, unless I were working with him. You won't find many men who will play second fiddle to your art. Even a beau requires too much attention sometimes. And when you are working together, there is likely to be professional jealousy.

I couldn't possibly play a love scene with a real sweetheart or with my husband. I wouldn't feel I could take money for that! I long to do a good love scene, sometimes, but somehow I'm always embarrassed—imagine I am overplaying or that the man will think that I mean it. And no matter how much I loved my husband, I wouldn't let him back me up to the camera!

THEN, too, every woman loves her freedom. I was married so young. I adored my husband, but I never really had any free girlhood. And I haven't had enough of my second girlhood. You see, I was married when I was just turned sixteen.

All husbands have their eccentricities, I suppose. Some of them are very irritating. Johnny Collins' eccentricity was merely amusing. He could never write a story unless he had a hat on his head. Sometimes I would tie a funny little Roman band around his head.

It is harder for a comedienne to be happily married than for a tragedienne, too! A comedienne is likely to take all her husband's woes and troubles too lightly. A man does love to be sympathized with. And it is natural for a woman to be dramatic. A sense of humor is often a handicap in a wife.

(*Continued on page 29*)

Does a Father Suffer when he sees his Child-ren on the Screen?

Charles W. Goddard, well known playwrite, *confesses to qualms of disquiet* upon beholding some of his offspring in the movies

By Paul Rochester

MANY a time you have gone to the theatre or to a movie and have seen a situation which struck you as being so unusual that you wondered how the author got that way. "How did he ever think of that?" you have asked yourself.

The other afternoon I ran into a life-sized author, Charles Goddard. He was sitting next to me in a little projection room such as motion picture companies use for private showings of their films. Our mutual acquaintance, who introduced us, remarked that Mr. Goddard had not only written "The Broken Wing," the picture we were about to see, but also "The Ghost Breaker," one of the last pictures in which Wallace Reid appeared; "The Misleading Lady," and those famous old serials of the early days of the films, "The Exploits of Elaine" and "The Perils of Pauline." Paul Dickey was Mr. Goddard's co-author on "The Broken Wing," but he wasn't present.

"Don't know how I'm going to like this," Mr. Goddard remarked. "Every time I see one of my plays on the screen, I have nervous prostration beforehand and a complete breakdown afterward. You can never tell what a movie producer will do with your brain child."

The lights went out, the projection machine spluttered, and the picture was on.

"Good!" said Mr. Goddard as the first sequence ended, and his comment was of an enthusiastic tone throughout the screening. Then, when the lights went up, I asked him how he had happened to create, with Mr. Dickey, this delightful little play which ran so long in New York and which will undoubtedly be quite as successful on the screen.

"We had an idea in the beginning," he told me. "We naturally had to have an idea. But it wasn't much of an idea, just that we wanted to do something a trifle different. We went through a list of various suggestions, but it was a newspaper clipping which started us off. On our list was the suggestion for a play about an aviator. We didn't want a war story, and when we read in a newspaper that an aviator had fallen from the skies, and, upon landing, had injured his head, so that he suffered from amnesia, we had a jumping off point.

NOW there is nothing particularly original about making your hero suffer from amnesia and get into all sorts of scrapes as a result, but the aviation angle was different. An aeroplane would enable him to get off into various farawav places, in picturesque locations. The current Mexican troubles made us decide upon Mexico as our locale. We could thus have a bandit for a villain, and a Mexican girl for a heroine, and better still, our hero could be lost in the fastnesses of Mexico, so that a nice little romance could take place before he was finally returned home.

"Of course the fine feature, the novelty of our play was the scene in which the hero falls through the roof of the house in which the heroine lives. This scene created a sensation on the stage and is just as realistic in the movie. On the stage it was done by distracting the attention of the audience. We had the heroine, her father, whom we made a half-breed, half American half Mexican, so that the girl might know how to speak English and understand American ways, and the villain, all sitting in the big living room. A storm was supposed to be raging outside, and the noise of the lightning and the rolling of drums for the thunder made it hard for the audience to notice our mechanism. Then, on top of all this clamor, we let loose the sound of the approaching aeroplane. One of the characters ran to the door and opened it. The wind was supposed to blow out the light.

IN THE darkness the trick was performed. There was a crashing noise, a couple of stage hands threw bricks on the stage and flung a bag of sand, and some aeroplane parts. Meantime, the brick wall in the back which concealed the aeroplane was thrown over with a clatter, and when the lights went up, there was the aeroplane, its nose buried in debris, in the center of the stage.

"Everyone was fooled by the trick, which was simply performed by lifting a fake back wall of the room, behind which the aeroplane had been concealed. I recall that one night the writer for a scientific magazine stopped me in the theatre lobby and said:

"'Pretty slick trick, Mr. Goddard, but I got on to it when I saw the aeroplane bouncing up and down. You let it down on springs, don't you?'

"I smiled and said nothing, but a little later I saw this magazine with a story and a diagram showing how the aeroplane had been hurled down on springs. Why, if we had used that sort of a mechanism, we would have had to employ thirty stage hands to operate it!"

"'The Broken Wing,'" Mr. Goddard added, "is the first film adapted from one of my plays which meets with my complete approval. It is even better in some respects than the stage production."

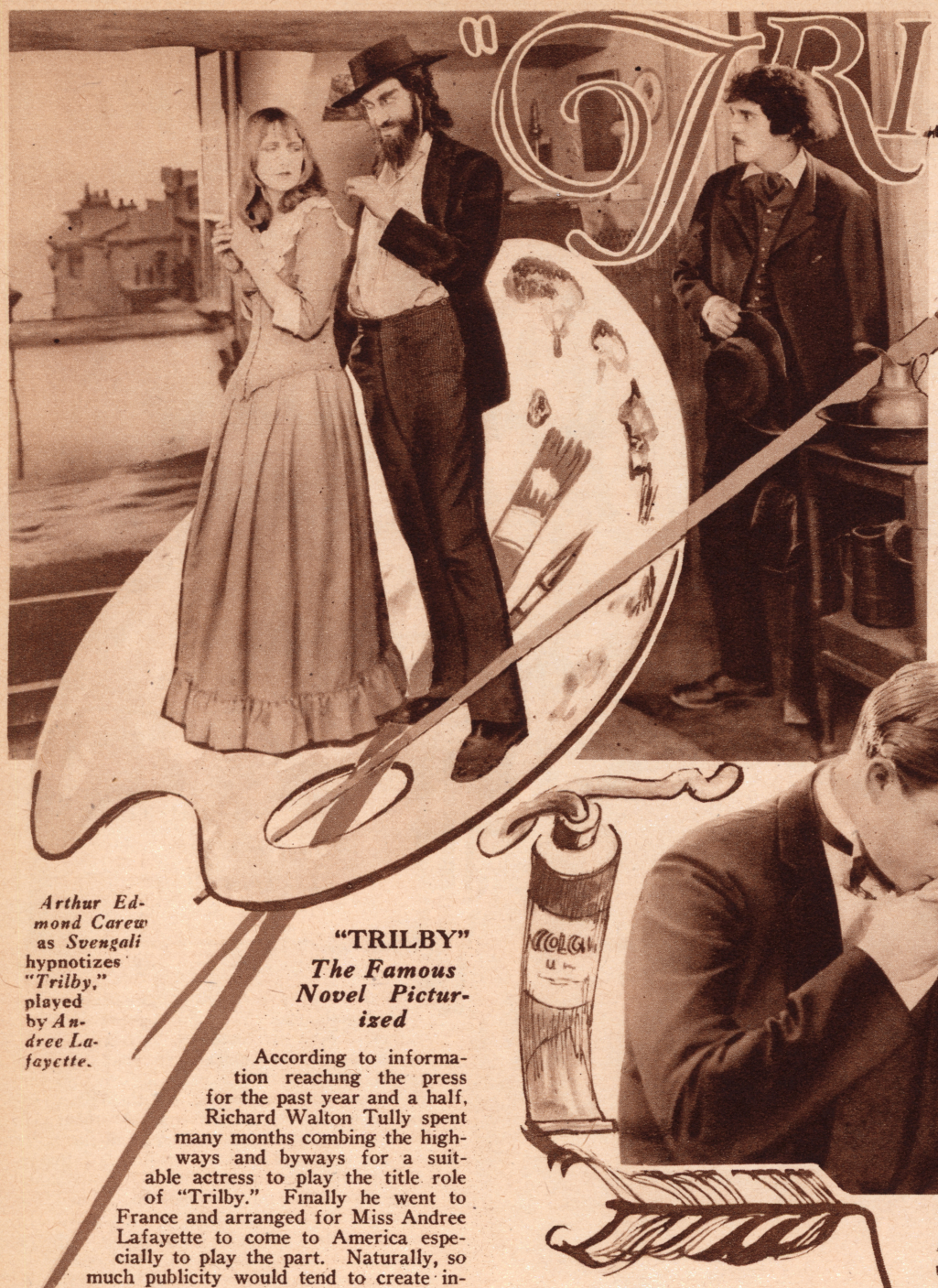
CAMPBELL STUDIOS

Miriam Cooper and *Walter Long* in a scene from *"The Broken Wing."*

"Every time I see one of my plays on the screen," said *Mr. Goddard*, "I have nervous prostration beforehand and a complete breakdown afterward."

"TRILBY"—One

Screen version of play shows Svengali hypnotizing girl—"*The Love Piker*," "*Broadway Gold*" and "*Soft Boiled*" among other pictures of the week reviewed :: *By Ruth Mabrey*



Arthur Edmond Carew as Svengali hypnotizes "Trilby," played by Andree Lafayette.

"TRILBY"
The Famous Novel Picturized

According to information reaching the press for the past year and a half, Richard Walton Tully spent many months combing the highways and byways for a suitable actress to play the title role of "Trilby." Finally he went to France and arranged for Miss Andree Lafayette to come to America especially to play the part. Naturally, so much publicity would tend to create interest in the manner in which the role was handled.

And it is obvious that Mr. Tully did not go far wrong in selecting Miss Lafa te for the role.

For those who do not know the story of "Trilby"—it concerns a girl who has such a beautiful figure that she is quite in demand as an artists' model. In the Latin Quarter of Paris she falls in love with "little Billee," a young Englishman studying art. His aristocratic family, however, prevail upon Trilby to give him up and she falls into the clutches of Svengali, a hypnotist and musician. She has a beautiful voice, but is entirely tone deaf, and it is only when she is in a trance brought on by Svengali that she is enabled to sing. In the midst of a concert, however, Svengali dies of heart failure, and Trilby, without his influence to guide her notes, sings in her normal, off-key voice.

This, in substance, is the story of "Trilby," and the screen version presents the story much as it is told in the book. The picture, however, does not have the interest-compelling quality of the book or stage play, and the moments of suspense fall rather flat. Inasmuch as Svengali is the last word in villainy, one would expect the moments when he advanced on the heroine to make the spectators' hair stand on end. Instead of that, there is only a mild expression of fear on Miss Lafayette's face and each potential "big moment" passes by uneventfully.

Too much cannot be said for Arthur Edmond Carew's portrayal of Svengali. He was one of the most villainous-looking villains ever seen on the screen, and if the "punch" was lacking when the villain got into action, it was certainly not the fault of Mr. Carew. Creighton Hale was ideally cast as "Little Billee," a sweet, ineffective young man, and the rest of the cast was equally good.

As for Miss Lafayette herself, it is unfortunate that we should have only this portrayal to judge her by. She laughed too much and looked utterly vacuous most of the time—but Trilby *was* stupid, so it is impossible to judge whether Miss Lafayette is a very bad actress who can't register anything, or whether she is such a good actress she can purposely register nothing.

Considering how much talk there was about the screen version of "Trilby," the picture is thoroughly disappointing. One expects to see an exceptional photoplay and sees merely an ordinary one. It is better than most pictures, so far as that goes, but then it has more to live up to.

Robert Frazer puts on the ring with a kiss in Anita Stewart's "The Love Piker."

"THE LOVE PIKER"
Anita Stewart as a Snobbish Rich Girl

"The Love Piker," Anita Stewart's first picture for Cosmopolitan, deals, presumably, with the regeneration of a very snobbish young lady, but leaves the spectator in the end with the feeling that she is quite as snobbish as she was in the beginning. Merely the fact that she became human for one little act of kindness does not in the least prove that her entire outlook on life has changed.

We are introduced to Miss Stewart as the snobbish, disagreeable daughter of a social climbing mother, who wants her to marry a man of social position and wealth. Can you picture a situation more original than that? But of course the daughter falls in love with a man of "no family," and is ashamed to invite his poor old father to the wedding. But at the last moment, she keeps the wedding party waiting a half hour while she personally goes after her future father-in-law. That, if you please, is her regeneration! Why we should be expected to believe there is anything permanent about it is something the director will have to explain. Or does it matter?

The heroine is made so thoroughly unlikeable during nine-tenths of the film that one little act of kindness is scarcely enough to redeem her in the eyes of the spectator. As a matter of fact, the hero and his father are the only really likeable characters in the story. The rest of them—the girl, her mother, and her friend, talk and act as no human being ever thought of talking and acting—except in movies.

This, of course, is the fault of the title writer. Now that we think it over, the title writer must have a great deal on his conscience. He was the worst offender in a very bad picture. "I wish I had Hope's courage," says the heroine's friend, "I, too, would marry out of our set," is a sample of the sub-titles—not the worst one, but the only

Woman Who Obeyed A Man

one we can remember well enough to quote. For all these alleged society people go about talking about their "set" in the "You-are-not-of-our-class" vein. They talk as they would be made to talk by a writer whose social connections were via the kitchen door. Our apologies to the title writer—whoever he is.

Anita Stewart was sufficiently satisfactory as the heroine. The picture's most redeeming quality, however, was the hero, Robert Frazer, who is sure to gain new followers among the flappers. He is certainly one of the big bets of the near future, having all the necessary looks and personality that go to make a matinee idol.

William Norris is a delightful old man, and Frederick Truesdell is pleasing as the girl's father. Mayme Kelso and Betty Francisco did well with their small roles. E. Mason Hopper directed the picture; it is much too long for so trivial a plot, and the girl's character development is not very conclusively handled. But Mr. Hopper is not altogether to blame; with such silly material to work with, what else could a poor director do?

"SOFT BOILED"

Tom Mix Leaves the West

Tom Mix is a cowboy only for the first few feet of this picture. Then he comes East to visit his wealthy uncle and manages a road house—though the story isn't as tame as it sounds.

For Tom is always a dynamic sort of person and he doesn't need the Western plains to make him so. In this story he is shown as a hard-fisted cowboy, whose temper is always getting him into trouble, until, at his uncle's request, he goes to town to visit there. The uncle's idea is that if Tom has learned to control his temper, he will be a suitable heir to the old man's fortune, but if not, the fortune is to be left to the local Blue Law leader. So the uncle stages a fake drowning to test Tom out. Under the conditions of the will, the young man is obliged not to fight or lose his temper for thirty days. And, of course, all manner of temptations are put in his way by the Blue Law leader.

A rather light sort of plot, but thoroughly delightful in its presentation. There is a chuckle in every few feet and the sub-titles furnish more of them. Tom Mix, as a meek shoe clerk, is a delicious burlesque and an entirely different Tom Mix than any his fans know. He wears tortoise shell specs a la Harold Lloyd and is as deft a comedian as he looks.

Tom Wilson, who has become famous for his colored roles, was amusing as the negro butler. Billie Dove was a lovely heroine.

The picture on the whole is one of Tom Mix's very best, though it gives him perhaps fewer opportunities for the many stunts which his fans like to see him do. There is one spectacular hurdle, however, on Tony, his famous horse, and there is a wonderful fight with the villain, L. C. Shumway, on the roof of a building. The picture is a little long-winded, considering how slight the plot is; the shots showing the colored butler sharpening his razor is an incident in question which could be improved by a little cutting. The episode is amusing at first, but anything pounded in repeatedly is bound to lose its humor.

However, the defects in the picture are all very minor ones; "Soft Boiled," as a whole, is sure to find great favor with the fans.

A coat fit for a queen: *Kathlyn Williams* borrows some finery for *Elaine Hammerstein* in *"Broadway Gold."*

"BROADWAY GOLD"

Elaine Hammerstein in a "Gold-Digging" Atmosphere

This is the sort of picture that a company can produce and guarantee as a sure-fire hit in what New York calls "the provinces." It has all the elements of popularity, the tired New York business man who goes out on all night parties, and the gold-digging chorus girls, out for all they can get. It's a typical picture of New York as outsiders like to think it is.

Elaine Hammerstein plays a chorus girl, new at the game, who goes on her first party and has all manner of amazing adventures. She concludes the night by marrying a man she has just met, because he is on the point of death and doesn't want his only relative to be his heir. Of course he lives for the happy ending.

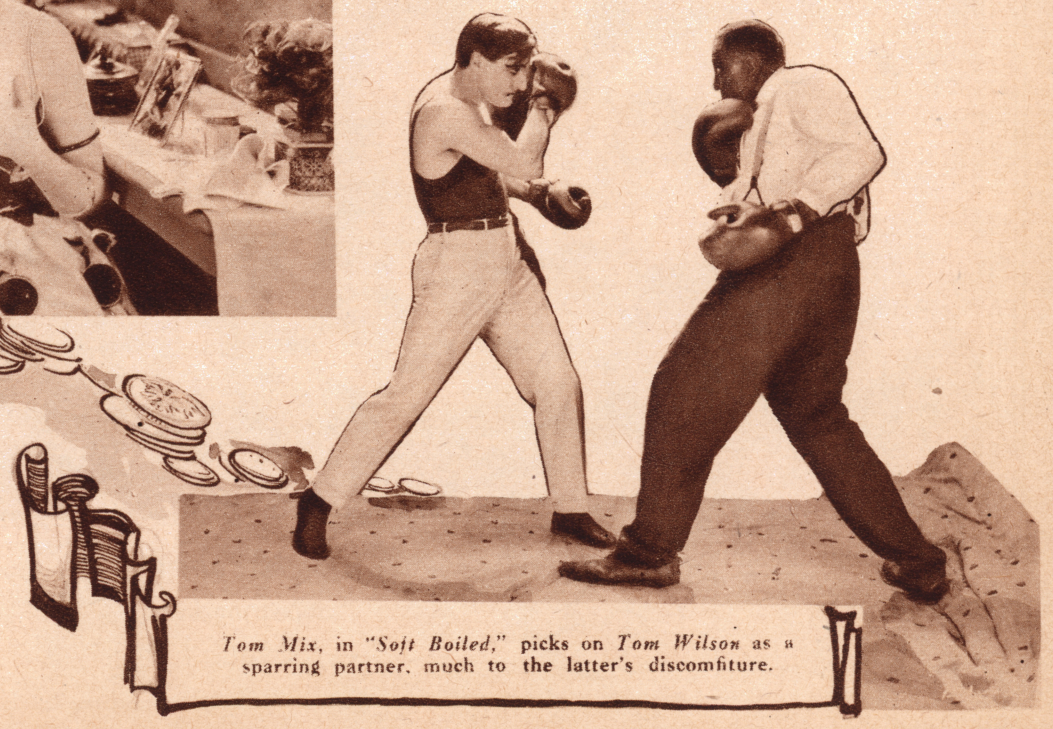
Someone must have told the scenario writer that accidents were a good way to get action in a story, or else he kept in mind the old saying, "Accidents will happen." He made things happen thick and fast, starting with a murder. Then the heroine's taxi collides with another car, and immediately after that the hero's car is overturned, and as a last fillip to the plot, the villain commits suicide. Certainly the picture does not lack action.

There is a typical movie party which should make a hit with those who think New York all coated with sin. The party is given in honor of a Pekinese dog at the Black Swan Club, where live swans float about in a pool. The day can't be far away when scenarists will run out of ideas for their exotic movie parties—then what will the movies do, poor things!

Elaine Hammerstein looks charming as usual as the heroine. She overdoes it a little, trying to look excessively naive at her first party, but on the whole she is quite satisfactory. Kathlyn Williams is at her best as a hard-boiled gold digger who sees to it that the heroine is protected. We have been so used to seeing her in the role of the neglected wife, that it is a real joy to see her all a-twinkle with animation.

Elliott Dexter is the hero, with very little to do, and Harold Goodwin is most appropriately cast as the weak-chinned no-account. An inter-

(*Continued on page* 31)



Tom Mix, in *"Soft Boiled,"* picks on *Tom Wilson* as a sparring partner, much to the latter's discomfiture.

NILES WELCH
appearing in
"Sawdust"

LUCILLE RICKSEN
appearing in
"Valley of the Wolf"

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Charles Ray inclined to be Cynical says De Sola

Character expert reads screen star's portrait and reveals *that worldly knowledge is masked* beneath country boy exterior

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

Charles Ray

CHARACTER READING:
This is the face of a man born with definite characteristics who has developed actually in a different way. Thus a first, and not strictly true, impression remains. It has great artistic ability, so instinctive as to possess some of the qualities of genius. It is analytical, reserved, rich in satiric humor and a wise knowledge of the world.

THE first popular literature of America undoubtedly consisted of farm stories. Many of our men of worth grew up in the country places, in an atmosphere peculiar to America itself. We have no peasants, and we have a distinctive farm life, which has been pictured bitterly by such a man as Edgar Lee Masters, and more wistfully by Mark Twain and William Dean Howells. The country boy who ran away to the circus, the games in the fields, the mongrel dogs, the swimming holes—these things are all connotative of an aspect of American life rich in color.

The motion pictures have not neglected this always popular field. They have given us the melodramatic version of rural life from the thrillers of thirty years ago—such affairs as "Way Down East." But it remained for Charles Ray to portray the simple and more homely side of country life and in particular the country boy.

Although Mr. Ray has given us a range of characterizations, this one impression of him will remain. The simplicity of his features, and certain boyish contour have fitted him naturally for just such portrayals. Therefore, if physiognomy be true, he is that character himself? Well, not exactly.

Although the first superficial indications of his face present such an impression, a little study reveals innumerable contradictions to the chief masses and planes. It would seem to me that Mr. Ray was born extremely credulous, good-hearted, and genially sympathetic, but that these qualities have been transmuted and shaded by a wide experience of life.

"This face," says *de Sola*, "more than the face of any other film actor I have thus far analyzed, suggests the power of complete absorption in a role—so that the role becomes the man."

The eyes, for all their directness, have in their particular placing and outline a pinch of the wisdom which we call cynicism. The mouth, slightly uneven at the meeting of the lips, suggests a somewhat satiric humor — a humor quite unlike that of the simple country boy he has played so often and so admirably.

THERE is real imagination in the brow, and the whole face speaks so instinctively that it may be fair to declare its possessor has something of actual genius in his composition. The chin is full and rounded, bespeaking a love of comfort, and great personal charm for those with whom he is intimate. For the rest, a certain reserve amounting to coldness, augmented by a vague pugnacity, would prevent him from winning a personal affection universally.

It would appear from other features that he has had his way in life, in spite of presumable hard knocks and difficulties, and there is some indication that he is inclined to accept kindness as a matter of course. He has not much determination, but he has shrewdness and insight which serve him in its place to win his way.

There is some suspicion present, and a marked quality of analysis in the forehead. He is not, however, concentrative in mental type. He is observant and very alert, and he is above all a born actor—an actor even in life, living out his dreams in a series of improvised playlets.

It would seem that he is not easily amused or gratified, as if he were to some extent tired. Although the face is not a

(*Continued on page* 31)

How the Bathing Girl has come into Her Own

Once upon a time the *bathing girl was just a bathing girl*—Now she is a full-fledged dramatic screen star

By Victoria Willis

S-SH, there is a rumor—but don't let the censors hear about it—that the bathing beauty is coming back into her own. After all these months when the censors have kept her banished from the screen—they even barred her from the news reels—milady of the bathing costume, so they say, is about to emerge from hiding.

For she has certainly been in hiding, no question about that. Mack Sennett, the Ziegfeld of the screen when it comes to picking beauties, has been going in for five reelers, and the bathers have had to splash around without him. Not that we blame him; it must be discouraging to spend months making a picture and then have the censors cut it all out but about a week's work. No, sir! The bathing beauty directors determined to play safe. They decided to turn their attention to making comedies with youngsters and dogs and cats and things—it was so much safer. Even Pennsylvania couldn't object to that.

And in the meanwhile, the bathing beauty herself was out of luck, except those beauties sufficiently well-known to go in for real drama, for Art with a capital "A." As some bright mind recently put it, the bathing beauty now wets her eyes instead of her thighs.

Take Phyllis Haver, for example. It's a far cry from merely looking beautiful to emoting all over the place, as she did in "The Christian." And those weren't glycerine tears she shed, either. "Why, she can act," the critics all said of Phyllis, in great astonishment. And she can! She has just been given another big role in Fox's "The Temple of Venus." In fact, her future screen career seems assured.

As for Marie Prevost, she is counted definitely among the stars. After many months starring for Universal, she is now twinkling her way through such pictures as "The Beautiful and Damned" and "Brass." Here is one bathing beauty who dived right into stardom.

While as for *Phyllis Haver*—she's just as good in a dramatic scene as she was formerly on a beach, and that's a whole lot.

A trio of bathing beauties who may yet be stars. *Cecile Evans, Margaret Cloud* and *Elsie Frran.*

Marie Prevost **is one bathing beauty who "dived right into stardom."**

And so with Harriet Hammond, the third of the famous Mack Sennett trio. She, too, has been showing the world she can do more than bathe—our apologies to Miss Hammond. She can emote as well as the rest of them; witness her work in "Live and Let Live," and other pictures since then.

Of course Louise Fazenda could scarcely be called a bathing beauty; but, as her clowning did much to make the old Sennett comedies what they were, it's only fair to give her credit. And she has clowned her way with equal success through "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Main Street," and other pictures. We're for the bathing beauties every time.

GLORIA SWANSON, in spite of her present dignity, was once a bathing beauty, and so was Betty Compson. In fact, many a star of the present owes her start to the fact that her figure went well with a two hundred dollar bathing costume—when it costs as much as that, it's sacrilege to call it a "suit." All you needed was the figure of a Venus and a face to match.

But since then bathing beauties have gone out of style. Not that the beauties don't bathe just the same, but the censors have forbidden us to watch them do it. If you want to watch beauties in swimming, they doubtless figure, the local beach is the place to go, not the movies. Perhaps—who can tell?—the beach bath house owners may even have fixed it up with the censors with that very idea in mind, in order to drum up trade. If they didn't they overlooked a bright idea.

Whatever the reason, the bathing beauty in the past few years has been taboo. The censors have ruled her out of order. And then, suddenly, like a flash, comes the rumor that the bathing beauty

(*Continued on page* 30)

"ASHES of VENGEANCE"

a drama of old France

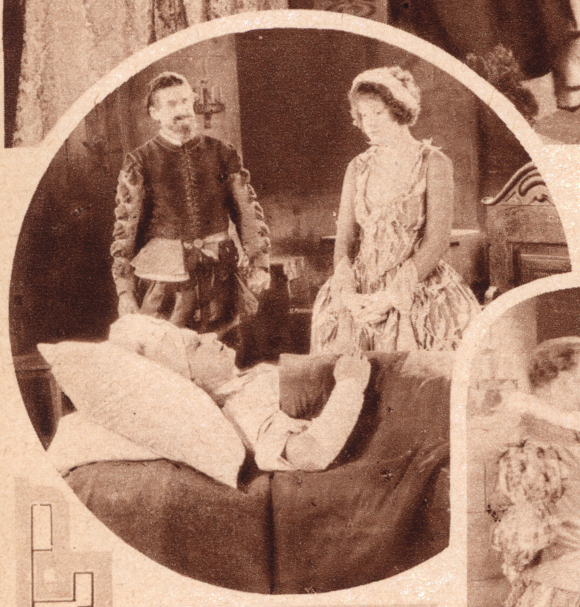
I.—*Rupert* (*Conway Tearle*), to save his sweetheart, *Margot* (*Betty Francisco*), agrees to become the bond-servant of his enemy, *Comte de la Roche*.

II.—The *Comte's* sister, *Yolande* (*Norma Talmadge*), is cold and hostile toward *Rupert*, whose family has long been an enemy of her family.

III.—But when she sees *Rupert's* suffering when his faithless sweetheart returns his ring, her heart softens toward him.

IV.—The *Duc de Tours* (*Wallace Beery*), a profligate, determines to marry *Yolande*, who dislikes him, by force if necessary.

VII.—*Yolande* agrees, but the *Duc* is killed by the serving maid he attacked. So *Yolande*, persuading her brother to release *Rupert* from his bond, finds happiness in his arms.



V.—*Rupert*, in defense of a serving maid attacked by the *Duc*, duels with him and is wounded. *Yolande*, in caring for his wound, learns to love him.

VI.—But the *Duc*, determined to get her, has *Rupert* taken prisoner and threatens to torture him unless *Yolande* consents to become the duchess.

"CULTIVATE FLOWERS TO PREVENT DIVORCE"

Says Mrs. Sessue HAYAKAWA

Dainty little wife of famous Japanese screen star would find *remedy for all marital troubles* in the conservatory

By Margaret McIvor Tyndall

IT was at the Follies one evening recently. Will Rogers was throwing the lariat over the follies of mankind in general, in that rapid-fire way he has of keeping the audience in an uproar of laughter.

Suddenly his eye chanced to light upon Sessue Hayakawa and his charming wife Tsuru Aoki, occupying seats in the orchestra.

"I see a friend of mine here from Hollywood" remarked Will with his inimitable drawl, "and it looks to me" he scrutinized the Hayakawa's with a look that Fanny Brice describes as "Indy-yun buzzi-nuss"—and resumed "yes, it is the same wife he's always had. Funny how the Japanese just won't adopt our American ways."

The remark literally "stopped the show." The audience broke into cheers and cries of "Hayakawa" (pronounced in every conceivable variety of ways) continued until the famous movie star arose and acknowledged the ovation.

That is how it happens that we were sent to interview the Hayakawas—Sessue and Tsuru-San.

Said the editor of Movie Weekly:

"I wish you'd see Sessue Hayakawa and get him to tell you how it is possible to be happily married though a movie-star."

"All right," we declaimed "but we wont ask Mr. Hayakawa. We are much too sophisticated for that. We've been married ourself and—well anyway, the man who wrote the immortal phrase "cherchez la femme" really intended to have it apply to a situation where the man achieves things,—not where he gets into trouble. What we'll do" says we "is to ask Mrs. Hayakawa—then we'll get the answer right. And we did.

WE found Tsuru-San in the lovely sitting room of their suite at the hotel Majestic. Tsuru-San had just come on from their home in Hollywood to be with her husband, because Sessue, be it known, is intent on a speaking play, which, although it met with instant success at its initial performance, did not quite suit the meticulous taste of Mr. Hayakawa. Consequently he is doing it over himself. He is like that.

So we put the question to Mrs. Hayakawa: "How have you managed to live happily these ten years past with one of those temperamental creatures — a movie star and especially when you are one of 'em yourself?"

Mrs Hayakawa did not answer me immediately. She glanced appealingly at her handsome spouse. It was one of those adoring, "my-Lord-and Master" looks that used to flourish in the good old days before the advent of jazz and short skirts and bobs.

Of course I was answered then and there. No woman who can look at her husband like that after ten years of marriage could possibly have even the shadow of domestic discord in her life. Lucky Tsuru-San! She had really said the proverbial mouthful in that look. But just for the sake of fulfilling my assignment I listened to what she had to say, which same was said in the sweetest, most appealing of voices. Japanese girls are all named for flowers, and although I don't know what "Tsura-San" means, it ought to be violet.

Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa in their Hollywood home.

"I. cannot see why movie people should not be as happily married as other folks," said *Mrs. Hayakawa.*

I CAN not see why movie people should not be as happily married as other folks" began Mrs. Hayakawa," and she added "I am not convinced they are not.

"The lives of movie stars are lived so openly you know. The whole world feels privileged to pry into the intimate affairs of screen people, so that whatever of domestic inharmony may exist in the homes of Hollywood, is lime-lighted into a spectacle for all the world to see. I think there are few married couples in either private or public life, who

(Continued on page 30)

One SHOT did it!

BY Richard DIX

The concluding instalment of "Killing a Wildcat in the Arizona Mountains"

By Richard Dix

HAUGHT reined in on the top of a sparsely-timbered knoll, and he dismounted as slowly as if he were just recovering from a bad attack of rheumatism. These cattlemen of Arizona are queer people! They move so slowly one wonders what would happen if someone should light a fire at their feet—whether they could move fast enough to get out of the way. But perhaps that is merely Nature's way of saving their energy for a real emergency. And when that emergency comes—never have I seen anyone move faster than Babe did when he fired at the bear!

Haught's face registered such intense astonishment when he saw that I was still with him that I was tremendously flattered. It was the greatest tribute to my horsemanship which I have ever had. I could almost feel the added respect in his manner toward me.

Releasing his Winchester from its holster, he walked slowly forward, reminding me of a panther stealthily creeping up on its prey. I followed. The wind was in our faces, blowing crisp and cool; every nerve was tinglingly alive with the spirit of the chase. In the midst of the quiet mountain air there was a feeling of suppressed excitement, of something thrilling about to happen.

Suddenly, off to our left, a dog barked, and so keyed up were we that we jumped at the sound. We knew that the dogs had spotted something by the terrific baying that they set up.

As we passed over the rounded slope, we saw the dogs bounding about the base of a low scrub pine, and Old Rock, with his feet high on the tree trunk, was yelping in ecstacy, the look of a wild animal in his eyes, his tail wagging ferociously.

We scrambled forward, oblivious to brambles and sharp stones, almost stumbling over them in our haste to reach the scene of action.

ON A branch of the tree was a wildcat, whose trail the dogs had apparently been following for some time. Our glimpse of the bear, it developed, was pure coincidence; the dogs were intent on bigger quarry, and the bear was no doubt at this moment peacefully eating berries a few miles away.

The wildcat was crouched along a twisted branch which bent low under its weight. Never have I seen such a spectacle of mingled rage and fear. It kept opening its jaws in a snarl that was horrible to hear; horrible yet fascinating. It was a war cry calling us to battle. Its big, ugly teeth were bared, while saliva dripped from its red mouth. With its head on one side, it drew back as if someone were beating it with a whip, and yet all the while it seemed ready to rebound and spring at the dogs' throats.

Rock, in his intelligent way, dashed back to Babe Haught and tried to put his forefeet on his shoulders, pleading with him to shoot, in a look as plain as words.

Richard Dix would rather shoot wildcats than get fan letters.

Babe, as calm as if he were merely out for a morning stroll, gave me a sidelong nod, the signal for me to fire. I raised my rifle to my shoulder.

For just a moment I trembled. The fleeting thought occurred to me that it was beyond reason for the weapon I held in my hands to arrest the career of that furry mass of rage, poised in the branch of the tree. Those blazing eyes, that snarling mouth, those vicious teeth—they all made up a monster too terrifying, too tremendous, to be stilled by the mere puff of a rifle. Or so it seemed to me, in that critical moment when I took aim.

Almost in a daze I heard the report of a rifle. Vaguely I realized that I had pulled the trigger. I saw the dogs leap forward, only to be recalled by a sharp word from Babe. I heard a dull thud. The crisis was over. The wild cat tumbled heavily to the ground. It was probably the first time in its life that it had fallen on its back. It moved spasmodically, groaning and quivering. I felt almost a tinge of pity. There was something so arresting in the thought that what before was a huge mass of vibrant life should now be stilled forever, would never move again. What a gigantic thing to be done by a small rifle!

I WIPED the perspiration from my brow and found myself calmly looking about me.

Babe Haught was squatted on the ground examining the quarry in a professional manner.

"Purty good shootin'," he drawled, and I tingled all over at his praise. Coming from a taciturn cattleman, that compliment was the greatest I have ever received. I felt amply repaid for the discomforts of that hard, dangerous ride.

Babe Haught's tribute had been sweeter than the most glowing fan letter I have ever received!

You know, the funniest thing about thrills is that they are always caused by the unexpected. Fans write to me and say, "Oh, how thrilled I would be to get into the movies!"

But it is the very anticipation of a thrill that destroys it.

A wildcat raring down a mountain side is the last word in the unexpected. You can't judge what a wild cat can do or will do, while a movie producer is something else again. At least, he's human and if you give him half a chance, he'll do the right thing by you. But a wild cat . . . never!

Some day I'm going to take my trusty old shot gun and get some high tension back of it. Then I'm going to forget all about the imaginary thrills of Hollywood—they're not thrills at all after a while—and I'm going to pick out a nice wild spot in Africa and shoot more elephants than Mrs. Martin Johnson.

Of course, I want that place to have a quick exit. But I'll stay just as long as the thrill doesn't give me complete heart failure.

That's my idea of having a great time. Better than sitting around in a studio waiting for the camera to crank and the director to get cranky.

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At the mouth of the Inferno

"Never mind, *Mary*," *Ethel* exclaimed. "You're going to get cured."

The third gripping instalment of "*Human Wreckage*" in which Ethel makes a hideous discovery. Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization by C. Gardner Sullivan, featuring Mrs. Wallace Reid

By Charles Warnerby

What has gone before:

Jimmy Brown, a drug addict, smashes the window of a pawnbroker's shop to steal something with which to procure drugs. He is arrested, and a policeman calls upon his mother, informing her of the matter. Mrs. Brown, who has slaved in order to take care of her son, appeals to her neighbor, Mrs. Finnegan, for help. Mrs. Finnegan's daughter, Mary, knows Ethel Macfarland, wife of Alan Macfarland, the ablest lawyer in the State. Mary and Mrs. Brown go to her for help and she consults her husband, who promises to get Mrs. Brown's son released. Meanwhile, Alan Macfarland, crazed by overwork, permits an unscrupulous physician to give him an injection of morphine. The drug relieves him and he is able to conceal the fact from his beautiful young wife.

THE release of Jimmy Brown from the jail where he was confined was accomplished in the due course of time without undue difficulty. Alan Macfarland's influence went far in such matters and his assurance to the police authorities that the boy was an invalid rather than a criminal effected the transfer of the latter to a sanitarium for the cure of drug addicts.

It was a great relief to his mother when this was accomplished and her gratitude to Ethel Macfarland, the lawyer's beautiful young wife, knew no bounds. Ethel called at the tenement frequently to see Mary of whom, as time passed, she found she had grown increasingly fond. The girl who formerly had done embroidery for the young wife of the "ablest lawyer in the state," as men called him, was working again, leaving her baby in the care of Mrs. Finnegan, her mother.

On a sweet, sunlit day in early fall, Ethel called at the Finnegan flat to see Mary and to inquire how Jimmy Brown was getting on at the sanitarium. Ethel felt an interest in the drug-addicted youth, inasmuch as it had been through her efforts that his release from prison had been procured

Climbing the dark, dingy stairway of the tenement which housed the Browns and Finnegans, Ethel rapped on the door of the Finnegan flat in the hope of finding Mary in. After a moment's wait, Mrs. Finnegan opened the door, holding Mary's baby in her arms.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Finnegan," Ethel said, smiling upon the infant's face that wrinkled in discomfiture and pain. Mrs. Finnegan acknowledged the greeting, swinging the door open wider for Ethel to enter.

"But it ain't a very good afternoon for me," she replied, sighing, shifting the baby from one arm to another.

"Why, Mrs. Finnegan!" Ethel exclaimed. "Are you in trouble?"

Mrs. Finnegan shook her head, indicating the helpless but wailing mite of humanity in her arms.

"It's him, ma'am; that's all," she replied wearily. "I can't do nothing with him. He cries and cries, and the more I rock him the worse he gets. I can't do nothing with him," she repeated, as the baby raised a fresh howl.

Ethel leaned sympathetically forward and gently took the child from its grandmother's arms. She had a way with children that seldom seemed to fail to quiet them instantly, no matter how great their distress might be. But now, however, the baby resisted her efforts to croon it to sleep, crying fretfully in little outbursts of infantile anguish that stabbed Ethel's mother-heart with sympathy.

"He's like that, ma'am, all the time that Mary's not with him. I dunno. I never seen a child like him. It seems like something was wrong with him, that's all."

"Have you had a doctor?" Ethel asked solicitously.

Mrs. Finnegan snorted her distaste of doctors.

"I raised a big family without the help o' no doctors," she answered, "and there wouldn't be none that could help him now. I know that."

The door to the outer hall was opened suddenly and Mary appeared on its threshold.

"Why, Mary!" her mother exclaimed. "You're home early."

"How do you do, Mrs. Macfarland," she said quietly.

SHE looked drawn and tired, Ethel thought, as she watched her remove her hat and take up the baby where she had laid it upon Mary's entrance. The infant, quieted by its mother's touch, continued to emit little gasping sounds of distress that smote Ethel's heart as she heard them. Although she had no baby of her own, her heart went out to every little child she saw—the more, perhaps, because of it. With a sharp glance at her daughter, Mrs. Finnegan went into the kitchen.

"You look tired, Mary," Ethel remarked, as she watched the young mother rock her child gently to and fro. Mary looked up quickly at Ethel with what seemed to the latter like a startled expression on her face. Then her face resumed its former expression of dumb, weary hopelessness, haunted by a slightly hunted expression, the reason for which Ethel could not fathom.

"How is Mrs. Brown's son, Mary?" Ethel asked, at length. "This is what brought me over today."

Mary raised her eyes wearily to her wealthy friend's, and hope for an instant illumined them.

"Why, he's much better, Mrs. Macfarland," she answered. "Mrs. Brown says he's coming home from the sanitarium in a little while now, cured. But is there a cure?" she added, in a lower tone, turning hopelessly away.

"Of course there's a cure, dear," Ethel told her. "Why do you ask such a thing?"

But Mary had turned wearily away and, a moment later, rose to go into her bedroom. The girl's manner puzzled the lawyer's young wife, and she found herself following her with her gaze as she entered the next room, the door of which was left standing ajar. Through this door, Ethel could see a plain, cheap bureau, the glass of which reflected to some extent the vaguely moving figure of its young occupant.

Ethel, musing over the problem before her, watched Mary's moving figure in the bureau

(*Continued on page 29*)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Wedding Bells May Ring for Hope Hampton

It does look as though there might be another wedding in filmland soon. The wedding bells may ring on no distant date for Hope Hampton and J. E. Brulatour. In fact, they may ring before Miss Hampton and her mother go to Paris, which will be in course of a few weeks now, as soon as she finishes "The Gold Diggers."

When Thirteen Was a Lucky Number

Lenore Ulric is learning what "the wild and woolly west" really means. She is traveling by pack train with her director, Sidney Franklin, and her co-players in "Tiger Rose," up through Yosemite and one hundred miles beyond, into Toulumne County.

Miss Ulric is a fair horsewoman, but there is no royal way of riding a pack horse!

However, she expressed herself as delighted at the prospect of the trip, before she left.

But she met with one narrow escape before taking to the pack horses. That was when the train on which she and the other members of her company were riding was wrecked just north of the Mojave desert.

"There were thirteen in our company and thirteen cars on the train in which we were riding," Miss Ulric telegraphed to friends in Los Angeles, "and Sid Franklin and I were just talking about luck. Not five minutes afterward, we were all thrown from our seats by a terrific lurching of the train. It ran along for a minute or two. We got out when it stopped and found that several cars forward had left /the track. Nobody on the train was seriously injured. and nobody in our crowd was hurt at all."

Marjorie Daw to Return to the Screen

Just because Marjorie Daw has gone and married Eddie Sutherland is no reason she isn't going to stay in pictures. The two have a nice, comfy little bungalow in Hollywood, and Marjorie has been having a great time cooking and playing at housekeeping, but she feels again the call of the pictures, and is to start work soon.

Upon reflection, we wonder if *Billy Dove* is the chicken in *Tom Mix's "Soft Boiled."*

Albert Smith Started Something

It is a far cry from a screen villain to an inventor of a new starter for an automobile, but Albert J. Smith made the jump. Perhaps the new Albert J. Smith starter will become as famous as his villainous roles of the screen—he hopes so, for he's taken out a patent on it. And necessity did it.

Smith was on location for some of the battle scenes of "In the Days of Daniel Boone," the Universal historical play in which he enacts the treacherous "Redmond." He made the trip in his automobile, and on the way the vehicle struck a rock. His starter was badly wrecked. Smith, who is of a mechanical turn of mind hied him to a roadside blacksmith shop and tinkered with his machine. To gain more power, he rewound the armature, changed the connections and installed the machine as remodeled in a different manner.

The result, at least according to Smith, was a starting motor that takes about one-third less "juice" than the old model and works much more efficiently. So now maybe Smith will quit the dirty work at the cross-roads.

Mary Alden To Be Starred

Mary Alden has approached stardom by a long and weary route. but it looks as though she were there at last. She is said to have the leading feminine role in Reginald Barker's new picture, "Pleasure Mad."

Clara Horton Goes Into Real Estate

Clara Horton is joining the ranks of the plutocrats. She is buying some property in Hollywood and on it will build a duplex house to rent.

Louise Glaum Goes Into Vaudeville

Louise Glaum is deserting pictures for vaudeville. She will start out from San Francisco in course of a week or so in a sketch written for her by Jack Lait.

A New Picture for Miriam Battista

Charles Bryant, husband of Nazimova, is to produce a picture with the child actress, Miriam Battista, back in New York, when he returns from Europe, and before he goes out to California. This certainly should be good news to the thousands of Miriam Battista's following who have been clamoring to see her in another picture.

Lucille Ricksen Grows Up

Little Lucille Ricksen has grown up into a leading lady. She has already played one grown-up lead in "The Rendezvous," and now she is to play the lead opposite Jack Pickford in his new picture, to be called "Valley of the Wolf."

Of course we wish Lucille the best of luck in her grown-up roles, but she was such a cute youngster we hate to see her grow up.

Perkins Disappears

The fifth instalment of *"Perkins' Predicament,"* in which the man who tried to commit suicide vanishes under mysterious circumstances

By Lee Brown

The story so far:

Disillusioned with life, O. P. Perkins decides to end it all in the black waters of the East River. He is poised upon one of the girders that span Brooklyn Bridge, prepared to leap out into the darkness, when a voice hails him. A man is asking to borrow a match. Perkins pauses in his design and is at length induced by the stranger to postpone his suicide until the latter can arrange to have it done before a motion picture camera. Perkins is at last persuaded to accompany the stranger to the movie studio for which he is press agent. There, after he had commenced work, he suddenly came face to face with Norma Angel, the company's twenty-four carat vampire. He learned also that she was a vampire in real life, and he was warned against her. The reappearance of Marjorie, Perkins' old sweetheart, throws another wrench into the crank-pit of his destiny, and Perkins decides to take the press agent up on his new explanation scheme. Letters deluge Perkins as a result. His suicide, however, is scheduled for the following night. Before taking the fatal step, he again postpones preparation in order to write a will which will take care of those he knows.

PERKINS studied the will carefully. It set forth in exact legal parlance and at great length that Cornelius McNaughton Abbott— which was the name of the young man opposite Perkins—did will and bequeath half of his entire business and possessions to his great friend "Joseph Park" and the remaining half to—at which point several blank lines had been left in the document.

"These lines are for you to fill in," young Abbott exclaimed. "They cover your half of the estate. 'Joseph Park' is the name I will go under the rest of my life after you've killed yourself under my real name and left me my own money.

"The will is in my handwriting, which is on record both out West and here, and you'll have no trouble getting the proper signature witnesses at my boarding house. I'll act as one of the witnesses myself, and the other witness won't be apt to notice which line you and I sign our names on. You, of course, will really be signing on one of the lines intended for witnesses, while I will be signing the will itself."

"Sounds as though it ought to work," observed Perkins thoughtfully. "Let's see—I've got to commit suicide and be identified as you, and in my will I leave you half of the money." Abbott nodded. "All right, I'll leave the other half to—well, that's nobody's business but my own." He filled in a name and address on the blank lines, commenting meantime:

"One more thing—I've got a press agent friend I'll want you to notify. He'll doubtless print something in the papers about my having bumped off, and you'll have to stand for the things he says your proxy corpse did before it became a corpse. I'll write him to use your name in anything he sends to the papers—will tell him it was my real name all the time; he won't know any better. That will convince your uncle you're really dead, too. And Horace will enjoy the dope about inheriting a fortune and being unable to claim it for fear of going to jail! It'll go big in the newspapers. Hope you won't be sensitive on the subject?"

"I don't quite follow you," said Abbott, mystified, "but I don't care what they print about me. I'll be living under a new name and I haven't any relatives except Uncle Alex. Any embarrassment I can afford that sad-livered terrapin will tickle me to death."

"Fine—now about getting the details of just what property you can legally dispose of. Of course, there are the official records out West,

***Perkins* and *Uncle Alex* had a confidential talk.**

but it may save time if I send my little Horace around to your Uncle's tomorrow morning to pose as your lawyer and demand information concerning the exact legal status of the property. Horace will maintain strict secrecy on this or I'll choke him. Incidentally, he can drop a hint about your being despondent and talking suicide, if the old boy becomes too threatening. That will prepare uncle Alex for the shock."

To which Abbott, after some reassuring about Horace, agreed.

THE best laid plans of mice and men continue to get twisted, even in these piping prohibition days.

At eleven-thirty the following morning Horace was sweltering in a downtown telephone booth. He had called up the studio and six different hotels trying to locate Perkins, and, through him, Abbott. If he could only get them ahead of their appointed meeting time, which had been fixed for one-thirty at the studio, the news he had to relate might induce Perkins to release him, Horace, from his solemn pledge not to print anything about this particular affair. Horace knew better than to violate the pledge; Perkins might go back on him in the more important news item. But this little subdivision of the main story would be, he told himself, real headline stuff for the evening papers. And the deadline for early editions was approaching fast.

The deadline approached, however, and the first editions were on the street with nothing more important in them than the news of a dozen riots and uprisings abroad, and a handful of assaults on landlords locally, and the customary bucketful of political news, before Horace again saw Perkins and Abbott. They arrived at the studio fifteen minutes late. Abbott was eagerly excited and looked like a man who, having touched another man for a loan, had, to his vast surprise, received it. Perkins was as impassive as usual. Horace still hoped to make the last evening editions with the story.

"Wun-ful news, Perk!" he fairly sputtered. "Old fossil crying like a baby s'minute—prodigal nephew stuff, oodles of it—come home, fatted calf n'all that—says every young man sows wild oats, redemption, lonesome old age. Norma Angel put it over. She's a wonder. Say! For the luvvamike Perk lemme release this story for the papers! I'n still make last editions!"

"Quit talking in shorthand and tell us what it's all about," suggested Perkins.

HORACE gasped, looking despairingly at his watch, and gave up hope of getting the story into print that day. And there might be a war or something in Ireland to crowd it off the front page the next day. His luck was running out again. Oh, well:

"Young man," he said, turning to Abbott, "you have been very hard-hearted and, by staying away so long, have caused your affectionate uncle no end of suffering. He actually wept when Miss Angel told him your present condition. She made me tell her the story and then butted in.

"At first your uncle swore he would see that you got the limit of the law if he ever laid eyes on you again. Then Norma began to get in some of her best work and he actually cried. Said he was growing old and nobody loved him, and all that, and that he got lonesome as the dickens. Said he would pay the check you'd signed and get you pardoned. Put it all in writing before we left. Then he showed me all the papers in the case, and a letter from the Governor saying you would be pardoned if your uncle recommended it and located you, and ruined my collar crying on it. He's waiting at the office for you now—gave all his clerks a half holiday.

"Now Perkins," continued Horace, turning to that surprised individual, "you will be reasonable and let me print this story? 'S darn near as good as your own suicide is going to be, and every paper in town would use Norma's picture. A couple of the editors are already beginning to think that first story about the 'world's champion altruist' was a fake, but this yarn'll convince them and they'll eat it alive if I can only give it to 'em. Have a heart man, please."

Perkins considered for a moment.

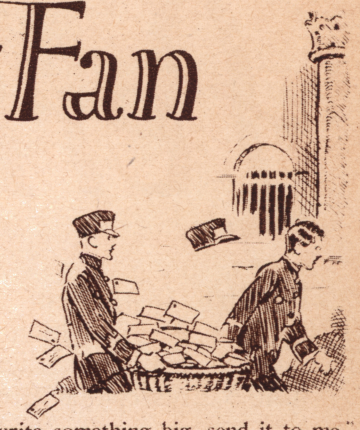
"Considering that it turned out to be as much Miss Angel's story as my own," he said at last, "you can have it if you print it without names. There's no use humiliating Abbott and his uncle." Horace groaned. "But to make up for not having the names," Perkins

(*Continued on page 29*)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Improper Movies Have You Seen?

So much has been written about screen censorship that we should like to know what pictures the fans consider immoral and why. For the best letter on this subject that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.



This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

In my home town, a year or so ago, I had the good fortune to meet personally a "real movie star"—Miss Gladys Walton—who invited me to visit her if I ever came to Hollywood. The invitation didn't mean much to me at the time, as I didn't expect to be in California at any time soon.

The unexpected happened, however, and a few months ago I found myself in Los Angeles. What I was most interested in there were the motion picture studios, of course!

I had heard how very difficult it is for visitors to gain entrance to those enchanted regions called the "motion picture lots." So I decided that my sole chance lay in finding my winsome little friend, Miss Walton, and in the hope that she might remember her invitation. I finally reached her by telephone, and was cordially asked to "come out" to the Universal studios, where she was working.

It is about a 45-minute ride from Los Angeles to Universal City. I arrived there at the studio shortly after 9 o'clock in the morning.

Even the outside of a motion picture studio is alluringly interesting to the eager stranger. There was so much to see that I must have wasted nearly half an hour before I finally found the right person to go to in order to find Miss Walton. He was the door-keeper, and it is he who "holds the reins," so to speak, for the visitor. For he is the one who bids you enter—or keeps you out. After three or four ineffectual attempts to find "my" star, he learned that she was to be on Stage 2 that day, and, to my great surprise, he "bade me enter." I had supposed that I would have more trouble than that.

I found Miss Walton in the midst of a scene, so I sat down to watch. We talked for a few minutes afterwards, but, as she was busy the rest of the day, I had to do my exploring alone. I wandered around the studio grounds, watching scenes being "shot" on the different stages, examining the big sets, visiting their menagerie, and having a wonderful time generally. One of the things which most impressed me were the huge lights used in the shooting of the scenes. Even the things one reads about them cannot adequately describe them. One's first experience under them must be terrifying indeed. Those getting under them without make-up on are given a grotesque appearance. However, dainty Miss Walton is not in the least affected by this unholy glare. She is a case of "little, but—oh, my!" And she is as delightful to talk to as she is to watch, and that's saying something!

E. N.

Doug Fairbanks' Handshake

Devotees of Movie Weekly will, no doubt, recall the valiant service rendered by the movie stars during the war in connection with the various Liberty Loan drives. It so happened that one day I was in the State, War and Navy Building at Washington, standing in front of the door to the office of the Secretary of the Navy.

Suddenly the door opened and out stepped none other than Doug Fairbanks, himself, brown as a lifeguard. He was shorter than I had expected. Stunned, I grasped his hand and received a firm grip.

Quickly followed Charlie Chaplin. I was prepared for a Fairbanks' handgrasp, but Charlie's hand was so soft the bones gave away. Charlie was better looking than I had pictured. And then came our own Mary Pickford. Her golden curls and remarkable eyes—the silver sheet doesn't do them justice. In a twinkling all were ushered into the office of the Secretary of State.

FRED A. CHRISTOPH.

George Beban Encouraged the Amateur Scenarist

George Beban likes oysters!

I know, for, while perched before the counter of a Seattle restaurant, I ordered some myself,

"All aboard," says *Little Farina*, "if I lose the neck-tie I'll need the barrel."

and a voice beside me ordered the same. Glancing around, I was dumfounded to observe that the oyster-ordering man sitting next to me was none other than George Beban. We both smiled and we became acquainted in this quick-lunch counter setting.

It happens that I have been bitten by the scenario bug, so I poured my ambitions into the Beban ear. He encouraged me and gave me suggestions. I was so thrilled at his frank interest in me, a casual stranger, that I lost my appetite.

"When you write something big, send it to me," he invited.

But, alas, the oysters came, and, the meal over, we shook hands and parted. BERT GORMAN.

Homage Paid to Jackie Coogan

It happened last summer at the Pageant of Progress in Los Angeles. Jackie Coogan was to appear in person to draw tickets for a raffle at a furniture booth.

Jackie did not appear at the appointed time, so, in order to keep the attention of the spectators, one of the men in the booth started to lead them in singing—and how that man did sing. Ye gods! perspiration running down his face like a rainstorm—and all because of little Jackie Coogan!

At last—gangway!—the villain approached with two guards of honor. A loud whoop and three cheers rang out. Just a kid, but to the crowd he seemed like king of the world. A dear youngster and pretty, but a youngster he is, for after reaching into a barrel for a ticket—a flashlight picture—and Jackie insisted on blowing all the smoke away.

After it was all over and he moved away with the guards, a mob of children and grown-ups followed him. One mother pleaded: "Oh, Jackie, won't you shake hands with my little Eileen?" He did. I was pretty close to him myself, and it made me smile, the homage done to such a child—but not a mere child—an artist.

"Z. P."

Leah Baird's Personal Appearance

Very often I have thought how wonderful it would be to meet a movie actor or actress.

The only chance I have had, as yet, was when the lovely Miss Leah Baird appeared at one of our local theatres, in conjunction with her picture, "Is Divorce a Failure?"

She gave a very interesting heart-to-heart talk, describing how difficult it is to act for pictures. She also spoke of the publicity of Hollywood scandals compared to those of other cities. I believe as she does that those of the movie folks are grossly exaggerated.

I was delighted to hear and see her in person and think she is just as sweet off the screen as on. I am sure she made everyone in the audience feel that she is our friend.

EVELYN HANSEN.

Marc McDermott Smiled at Her

It happened about three years ago. I was a great movie fan, and I had just come from Montgomery, Ala., to try my fortune in New York. Imagine how thrilled I was, when, walking along Broadway one afternoon, I saw my favorite moving picture actor, Marc McDermott, standing in front of the Rivoli Theatre, apparently waiting for someone.

I was so excited that I did not realize what I was doing, and walked straight up to him and said, "Are you not Marc McDermott?" Then I realized how foolish my question was, and blushing violently, I added: "I have seen you in several pictures lately, and I like you very much."

He smiled—what a wonderful smile he has—and said, "Well, I am glad you like my pictures and hope you will go to see more of them," or something to that effect; I was too excited to notice his words. Then I walked away.

MARGUERITE DESEIFE.

CHIT CHAT
About the Stars

Ernest Torrence is learning a new trade. After all these years as an actor, here he has had to learn an altogether new trick—how to roll cigarettes.

It was in the first scenes of "Ruggles of Red Gap," which James Cruze is directing for Paramount that the class in cigarette rolling had its session. Between shots Mr. Cruze walked back to the table where Ernest Torrence sat rolling cigarette after cigarette as earnestly as his name.

"For heavens' sake, hurry," laughed Mr. Cruze, "you've got to roll them in two seconds flat in the next scene."

And here sat Torrence, dressed in cutaway, high collar, silk hat an' everything, for the first time in his screen career—all dolled up rolling cigarettes.

"Aw, Jimmy," he pleaded, "let me smoke my old pipe instead."

But Mr. Cruze was obdurate, and any day now Ernest Torrence can be seen slaving over his forty thousandth cigarette, until he's perfect at it.

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John Gilbert, the Fox star, has a new gold fish which he calls Magellan.

"Why a name like Magellan?" asked Shirley Mason curiously.

"Because," replied Mr. Gilbert, "he will be the first one to go around my new globe."

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Peggy Shaw, at a Hollywood restaurant the other day, nearly choked over her soup. The reason for her mirth was a handsome but vacuous looking young man—the beautiful but dumb variety.

"There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married," the dumb one was saying.

"How do you know?" asked his companion.

"I've asked them."

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Charlie Jones says his idea of an absent minded man is one who forgets the anniversary of his marriage, and then, when his wife reminds him of it twice a year, gives her two lots of presents.

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Kenneth Harlan is getting alarmed. Here he has spent every day for the past six weeks in the saddle, playing in the title role in Preferred Pictures' "The Virginian," and now he finds that he has contracted the peculiar rolling gait of the cow puncher, and he's afraid it may be permanent.

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Lois Wilson had the unique experience of having a woman ride twenty five miles on horseback just to see her!

The woman, Mrs. James Benson, wife of a rancher, hadn't seen another woman for two years when she heard that a motion picture company was on location in the Tonto Basin, nearby. Mrs. Benson lives with her family in the heart of the Arizona hills, one of the least civilized spots in the country. Lois was wearing her costume of homespun when introduced, and the rancher's wife thought these were her everyday clothes.

"Here I am playing in 'To the Last Man,' said Lois, "and here I am again, in a way, the 'first woman.'"

Real Dramas of Hollywood

She heard of her dashing husband's affairs from time to time. She even indulgently answered his "mash notes" when he was too lazy to write the letters himself, which he frequently was.

"Here are some more letters from mushy dames!" he would laugh, and throw the letters into her lap.

But one night came something more serious.

The wife was alone in the house, except for the children, who had gone to bed. The servants, Japanese, went home at night.

Came a rap on the door,—a timid rap,—and the wife wondered why the visitor did not ring the bell. But she was no coward, and besides that timid rap did not come from any burly intruder, she was sure of that.

She opened the door, and there stood a girl with a baby in her arms.

It was so like a melodrama that the wife felt a horribly hysterical desire to laugh when the girl asked for her husband!

"So it has come at last!" she said to herself, still with that awful clutching at her throat, —the hysterical desire to laugh and weep.

She knew now that she had been expecting something of this sort to happen.

"I've come back home where my beau lives at," doesn't *Baby Peggy* look it?

The girl was crying, and looked so helpless,—so utterly as a victim of her husband would look, she thought!

The wife asked the girl to come in. The girl, young and very pretty and modishly dressed after a cheap fashion, brightened and came in.

She felt no pang of jealousy when she looked at the girl, oddly enough. she thought to herself even then,—but she felt a terrible, clutching feeling. half anger, half piercing pity, when she looked at the baby!

It was all as the wife had expected from the first moment she looked at the girl. The baby was her husband's! She never even thought to doubt the girl's story. It didn't occur to her until afterward that this was odd. But the girl was so evidently miserable, heart-broken, and her claim was made in such frank, genuine, if heart-broken, fashion, that the wife had to believe her.

"I'm only an extra girl," the girl said hurriedly, after satisfying herself that her seducer was not at home, and that the wife had only pity in her heart for her. "I do love my baby so, but my mother died last week, and there is no one to care for him! Oh, my darling mamma! She did love my baby so! She was so good to me! Some mothers would have been so cruelly cross, but she never was. She was just sorry! All the time. she was just sorry. And she loved my baby!

"Now — I think you just must — you just must adopt my baby and—"

The wife started back. She had expected a call for money, but not for this.

"Yes," the girl said firmly. "There isn't any other way. I've thought it all out. My baby cannot go to a foundling asylum. I couldn't bear that—nor for anybody but his own father to have him!"

The wife was sunk in thought. The baby was a dear baby.

"I'll kill myself if you don't!" the girl threatened desperately.

"Yes. we'll do it!" the wife suddenly decided.

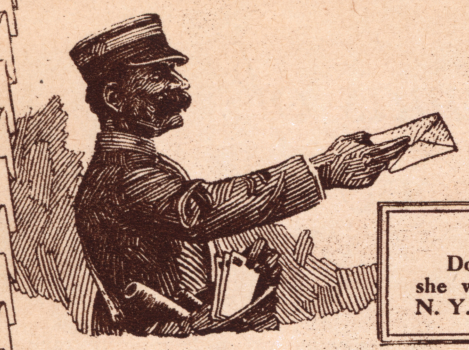
What mixed motives there were beneath that decision! It was all generosity on first impulse. Then followed the subtle thought that her husband could never look at the little one without remembering his fault! And he should care for it, and pay its bills.

Her husband would not dare refuse, she knew that. For the girl would certainly make a scandal. The girl promised never to see her baby again.

As for herself, she had long passed the stage where she could feel any active resentment against the girl. She was only one of many, she thought drearily. And the baby was a dear baby!

So the little one found a home.

And the child will never know the difference between its own mother and this foster one!



Fan Agrees with Everything Rudolph Says

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

I KENT HELPIT—So you bet things rattle in this office? What do you think it is, a Ford service station? No, I don't think Ramon Novarro has a secretary, unless he has hired one recently.

VALENTINO FAN—You agree with everything Rudolph says or does, you say! Well, that might not make you a very interesting person for him to have around—you wouldn't say anything but yes all the time. You wanted a Rudolph Valentino issue—here it is.

MOOSE—I often eat mousse—peach mousse. Jackie Coogan's studio is at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

ARGENTINA—Right where the tango feels right at home! John Gilbert is American; his address is Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles.

BETTY AND MARGARETTE—And here it is early in August before I get to your questions. I don't think Charles Meredith has been playing on the screen lately; I haven't heard of him in some time. Write to Ramon Novarro at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga st., Hollywood. I never heard him express a wish to get married. He is still pretty young, only twenty-four. Rudolph Valentino has been married twice.

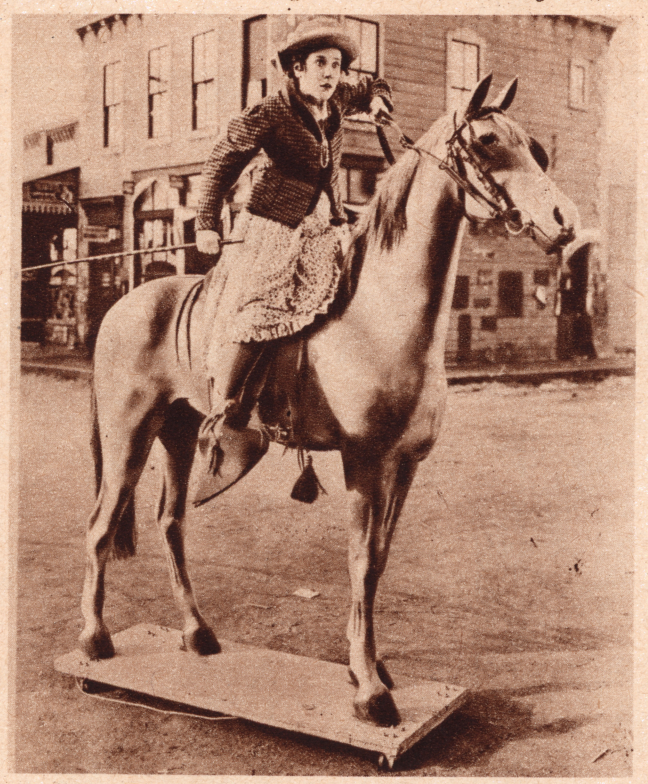
LOVING HEART—How old am I? Isn't it funny so many people want to know how old I am and also how old is Ann! Mae Murray was born in New York in 1893. She is Mrs. Robert Leonard. George O'Hara is not married. In "Prodigal Daughters," Gloria's sister was played by Vera Reynolds, and Robert Agnew played the man the sister married.

ANGELA N.—You ask about how I am getting along with my girl. How do you know I have a girl? However, I try to get along with everybody, including the bootlegger—or should I say especially the bootlegger? Harrison Ford's latest picture is "Little Old New York," which hasn't yet been released, and Ethel Clayton's is "The Remittance Woman."

THE CLAM'S EARRING—Well, you can't blame the clam for having his ear ring with the ocean pounding in it all day long. Yes, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of the famous screen star. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-nine years old and is still unmarried. He has blue eyes. He lives at 71 Central Park West, New York, but is now touring in a stage play. Pearl White went to a convent for a short rest only. She did not become a nun; in fact, she is now back in New York.

A TORONTO GIRL—So you have your reasons for not giving your right name? I see you have already learned the motto—"Don't Give Your Right Name." No, Madge Bellamy is not married and neither is Louise Lorraine. Nita Naldi is twenty-four and Carmel Myers is twenty-two.

VIRGINIA—So you think I am kind. I think so, too. I never smash more than six or eight people getting into the subway at night—and that's saying a lot. Ramon Novarro's birthday was February 6, 1899 and Bebe Daniels on January 14, 1901. I don't know the exact birth dates of the other stars you ask about.



***LouiseFazenda* in *"Main Street"* shows that she can ride any kind of a horse from a clothes horse to a hobby horse.**

A NEW CUSTOMER—Welcome to our column. Since Norma Talmage moved to Los Angeles, I haven't her home address. Write her at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. I believe she is Irish on her father's side. No, Lew Cody has not married again. Frank Mayo lives at 7018 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles.

BAMBALINA—Francis X. Bushman was born in 1885; he is five feet eleven inches tall and is a blond with blue eyes. His address is Friars' Club, 110 W 48th St., New York. It is a courtesy to enclose a quarter with a request for an actor's picture, as stars have so many to send out it amounts up into thousands of dollars. Arthur Carew lives at 1408 N. Hobart Blvd., Hollywood.

JEAN MARY MAC DONALD—So I have an ardent reader in Bonny Scotland? I always was fond of the Scotch. Malcolm MacGregor's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Edna Purviance was born in Reno, Nevada, and Dorothy MacKaill in Hull, England.

FLORIDA ANXIOUS—I've often heard of Florida oranges but never of Florida anxious. Harold Lloyd lives at 369 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles. Tom Mix is forty-three; yes, that is his real name. His address is 5841 Carleton Way, Hollywood. Bryant Washburn was Viola Dana's leading man in "June Madness." Richard Barthelmess had the leading male role in "Experience."

MARGARET MAC FARLANE—Joseph Schenck's address is 1540 Broadway, New York.

I. M. A. BOOB—But not such a boob that you don't read the newspapers. Thanks for the one you sent me; I enjoyed it very much.

JOE GARTSIDE—Beverly Bayne does not give her age. During their absence from the screen she and Francis X. Bushman were appearing in vaudeville. I suppose we will publish their pictures in Movie Weekly some day.

MARY M.—You are faithful to your old favorites, aren't you? Bessie Barriscale has not played on the screen for some years, but has been appearing on the stage. She doesn't give her age. She was born in New York. Virginia Pearson was born in Kentucky in 1888. She hasn't been on the screen for some time, either.

AN ADORER OF LEATRICE JOY—Certainly you may write again. I won't be able to enjoy my vacation if you don't. Leatrice Joy's full name is Leatrice Joy Zeidler. No, she has never bobbed her hair. I don't know her birthday. Her picture was published in Movie Weekly for April 14, 1923.

KENO—How poetic it would be if you came from Reno. Keno from Reno! William S. Hart has had many different leading ladies, including Katherine MacDonald and Jane Novak, both of whom have blond sisters—take your choice. Mae Murray has been married twice. Yes, Ramon Novaro is Mexican, but not of the "greaser" type. I have met him and he is very much of an aristocrat. Mexico has its upper classes as well as other countries.

PALE STAR—Yes, that's what Ramon called Alice Terry in "Where the Pavement Ends"—but do you look like Alice? Baby Peggy's address is Universal City, Cal. Jackie Coogan's address is 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Johnny Walker, Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. I don't know where Warren Krech can be reached.

THE DIMPLE SISTERS—Do I want to send you a picture of myself? Why, I'd just love to, but the post office authorities won't let me. Lillian Gish is twenty-seven and Dorothy twenty-five. Dorothy is making a picture just now; Lillian just completed "The White Sister." Eugene O'Brien lives at 71 Central Park West, New York. My whiskers are straw colored—I pulled them out of a broom.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

Perkins' Predicament

(Continued from page 25)

went on, I'll tell you about the bug inventor I did the first favor for, and you can use real names in that yarn. He'll like it." Horace grinned. He'd get twice as much space as he had at first dared hope.

"Say for Heaven's sake who is this Miss Angel person?" interrupted Abbott, who until now had been stricken dumb with amazement.

"Horace shot a quick glance at him and cleared his throat.

"Oh, you needn't feel under any chivalrous obligation to go and propose to her for saving you, young man," he said, attempting to make his words as sarcastic as possible—"She's one of the most famous film stars in the world, that's all, and if things go well with me during the next few days I'm going to give her a chance to change her name to Mrs. Horace Greeley Jackson."

LATE that afternoon Horace leaned back from his typewriter and mopped his brow.

"Whew!" he exclaimed to the blank wall in front of him. "This bird is sure making me work hard. But believe me it's some yarn I'll have in the papers tomoorrow morning. Uncle Alex Crabsaw is prominent enough for two columns at least. It ain't my fault if the papers use his name. I'm not writing it in my story—but they'll get it just the same. And at ten o'clock, or just after the boss has finished giving my clippings the once over, I'm going to strike for a raise."

"Oh, you will, eh?" came a familiar voice—the voice of his boss, in the doorway. Horace jumped. He had been alone for an hour. The typewriter crashed to the floor.

"I was just kidding myself along, boss," he mumbled, with an effort at an engaging smile. In pite of evrything, however, the man in the doorway appeared to be in unusually good humor.

"Don't know but what you're worth it after all, Jackson," he unexpectedly announced, coming on in and taking a seat. This curious galoot you've landed is a wonderful asset. He'll be one real hit all right."

"It'll make a famous story!" enthused Horace, beaming gratefully at the boss.

"Story hell!" ejaculated that porky individual. "As a press agent, Jackson, you're nix. But as a cast picker you'd be a wonder. I'm going to change you over to that department. That fellow you found is the only real reason our new film doesn't go into the discard. I just saw its first exhibition in the projection room—several critics were there and got off a lot of highbrow stuff about this fellow being 'splendidly indifferent in the places where others would have posed all over the lot' and things like that. We're cutting out half of the picture to make him the central figure in the rest of it.

"Now Jackson," and the boss got up to go." "you bring that fellow in and we'll sign him up before anybody else finds out how good he is."

Horace gulped and looked hard to make sure he wasn't being kidded.

"Gosh," he lamely exclaimed at last, "hope it isn't too late boss. You know that bimbo was going to commit suicide for us, and I've alreadv got two big stories here about the ways he's been trying to make his exit. He left two hours ago and for all I know may be tryin' some new route right now."

"Go ahead and print the two stories if you want to," the big man decided after a moment's reflection. "but the minute you let this fellow take the final count, both of your jobs are open for new applicants."

AFTER which Horace was left scratching his head and wondering why he hadn't gone in for a soft and steady profession like that of a circus acrobat or a second story man in the first place.

A permanent movie job probably wouldn't appeal to Perkins, even if Perkins could be induced to give up the idea of committing suicide.

In any event, however, Horace realized that his only chance was to find Perkins right now, befor it was too late. The man had been alone, now, for hours, fairly begging for trouble anywhere he could find it. Horace moaned his anguish aloud to the four walls. Then he consulted a 'phone book and called a taxi. There was one chance in a thousand Perkins might be with Uncle Alex and young Abbott, helping to celebrate the return of the prodigal nephew. Or at least they might have learned where he lived. Anyhow, it was the only clue; Perkins had never told Horace anything of himself or even as much as disclosed his address to him.

(*Continued next week*)

Human Wreckage

(*Continued from page 23*)

glass until suddenly the shock of what she saw brought her standing to her feet. Before the bureau, her left arm bared and a cylindrical object poised in her right hand above it, was Mary in the act of taking a hypodermic injection. Stunned for a moment with surprise, Ethel could only stare and wonder as to just what it all meant. Then, in a swift intuitive flash of realization, she divined that Mary, like Jimmy Brown, was addicted to the use of drugs.

It was a horrible shock to Ethel—fond of Mary as she was. She felt like springing forward and wresting the needle from Mary's hand, thereby preventing the havoc she knew it was certain to create. But a deeper sense of the futility of this laid a restraining touch upon her, and she remained where she had risen—horrified and grieved.

An instant later the girl in the room beyond swept her shirtwaist sleeve into place again and after a swift removal of the instrument in her hand to the bureau drawer before her, she came out into the room again where Ethel stood.

For a moment, silence reigned between them. Mary, her manner altered now to bright cheerfulness, turned toward Ethel with a sunny smile—quite the oldtime Mary whom the rich, young wife had come to like. But the smile met no answering response on Ethel's face. Instead it met a look of stony horror, that was inescapable in its purport to the one who had caused it all. They stood there a moment, thus, with mute accusation, horror and pity stamped on the older woman's face. Finally,

"Mary!" was all she said. It sounded like a whisper.

Instantly, the girl addressed read the accusation in the other's eyes and acknowledged it bv drooping shoulders. Then, slowly, while Ethel still stood there in silence, she went into the next room, secured her baby and, with this in her arms, seated herself again in the chair she had so recently vacated. Her head was bowed in misery and shame.

FOR several minutes the two women remained with one another in utter silence. Mary slumping over her sleeping child and Ethel Macfarland standing motionless, her face still stamped with grief and horror. At last, however, the older woman stepped impulsively forward and rested her hand on Mary's shoulder.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "how—how—how did you—ever? . . . ."

The younger girl shrugged.

"It was when I was sick," she replied slowly, after a time, in a hoarse low voice. "The doctor started me and after that I—I just had to have it, that's all."

As Ethel looked down at Marv and her babv suddenly it dawned upon her what the infant's young mother's vice might mean to it, the explanation, in short, of the baby's fitful crying that was only lulled by the mother's return and doubtless the tiny absorption by the infant of the hideous drug. It was a horrible thought to Ethel.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried again. "This simply can't go on."

The young girl raised a despairing face down which the tears had slowly commenced to trickle. It was a look of such abject misery and helplessness and hopelessness that Ethel felt her heart go out to her in a sudden impulse to aid her no matter what the cost.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," she continued, "don't you realize what you are doing? Don't you love your baby? Don't you think of his future and of the fine strong mother he needs in order that he too may grow up into a fine strong man?"

A piteous sob shook the shoulders of the girl in the chair with the baby in her arms.

"Oh, I know I've done wrong," she wailed, "but I couldn't help it. When George, my husband died, the doctors gave me morphine, just to quiet me before my baby came. And then afterward it just became something that I had to have like food or sleep. I didn't mean to do wrong by the baby. I just couldn't help it, that's all."

The hopelessness of the situation appalled Ethel so that she could not find words to comfort the child beneath her. How far—far beneath her, she thought piteously, as she looked at the slumping figure in the chair beneath her hand.

"Never mind, Mary!" Ethel at last exclaimed. "You're going to get cured."

Mary shook her head.

"I've no faith in cures," she said miserably. "There's some say there are no cures, and I believe them."

Ethel leaned forward tenderly and touched the top of Mary's forehead with her lips.

"There are cures, dear," she said encouragingly, "and we will find one for you before the week is out. Does your mother know?"

Mary shook her head vaguely, as though she did not care whether her mother knew or not. It was evident, however, that the discovery by her rich friend was a real source of humiliation and distress to her..

Ethel felt in her purse and extracted a fifty-dollar bill.

"Here, Mary," she said, pressing the money into the young wife's hand. "Don't try to work again until I make arrangements for your cure. I shall talk to my husband about it tomight. He will know of some way. Just keep up your courage until I see you again."

With a final word of farewell, Ethel left the Finnegan flat and the hideous monster that already she had learned was a dweller there.

She thought of the baby as she descended to the street and her waiting limousine brought a lump into her throat and the tears to her eyes.

"Poor little waif," she whispered. "Oh, how thankful I am that Alan and I have no such problem to face."

Ethel Macfarland did not know that already the selfsame monster had found a lodging in her own beautiful home.

(*Continued next week*)

Why I Shall Never Marry Again

(*Continued from page* 12)

I'm much more critical than I used to be. I'm afraid I should compare a second husband with mv first husband. Perhaps I idealize him, but I find most men wanting according to the standard he set. Why, I've forgotten if he ever had any faults.

You see, Johnny caught me young! Mother thought it would be a good idea for us children to work in pictures during our vacations from the New York shows and the road. We only had to walk a mile or two to the Edison studios!
So we ran away one dav and were wed.

Yes, I believe in early marriages. You learn each other's ways, and besides, you don't grow so selfish and set.

But as to second marriages—well, I don't know!

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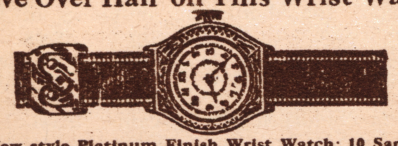

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We Don't Believe In Separating

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Excepting dancing with you, Jack," reminded Marilynn.

"And every week-end we go down to the secret camp on the beach between San Diego and Del Mar, established by Doug and Mary when they want to get away from the crowds. There we are two kids—nothing to bother us—Marilynn takes off her shoes and stockings and wades with me while I wade at my surf-fishing."

"Oh, yes," laughed Marilynn, "a man came by our camp one day, when I wore a sunbonnet just like 'Sally's,' and asked Jack if he sold fish for a living!"

Jack blushed and looked a little teased.

"Oh, well, his wife asked you if you did your own washing down there, and wasn't it hard?" Jack came back at her. "But anyhow, we have the time of our lives down there. I know that many a time when we are in New York with everybody running after Marilynn, she will wish she were down in that nice little cove with me. Won't you, Marilynn?"

"I'll say so!" said Marilynn, leaning over to give her husband a kiss.

Methodist Convention Has Special Censor

(*Continued from page 5*)

in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Right here it occurs to us to wonder if the clergymen who are benefiting by this sort of censorship are not being cheated out of a good time. We mean by this, if they are not being deprived of the best that is in a picture which for our own low taste would constitute in the case of "Tol'able David" the identical fight scene and in "The Four Horsemen" those self-same moments of terrible realism.

We recall other pictures, too, in this connection, whose cutting would work an irreparable injury so far as their worth as entertainment goes. The escape of "The Birth of a Nation" from this sort of meddling was a fortunate accident so caused by the immense and former prestige of the picture. If one wished to quibble over details, doubtless generous portions of "The Birth" could be cut in conformity with certain set convictions on censorship.

But this, thank heaven, did not happen. The picture was allowed to remain as it was made, and in this form was seen by everyone, clergy included. In this wise it should be readily apparent that too free a tendency to delete matter deemed objectionable tends to mar art, for there are some movies that have an honest claim to art in spite of the large number that have not. Where is there a minister who would not rather see "The Birth of a Nation" as it was made and has been seen by millions of people than an expurgated version of it cut in conformity with someone's opinion that no one should care a particular rap about, anyway?

Is the clergy to be protected like our youth from all that is not nice in the world today? Will not a familiarity with it, even a visual one, tend to broaden them in the way that is so much needed in their grapple with the problems of life? And if the censor protects them in his self-appointed estate, who is going to protect the censor, or doesn't he need protection?

All of these, as you can see, are perplexing problems, and ones not readily to be dismissed even in a humorous fashion. We should like to correct matters for the clergy and give them pictures that are faithful in their portrayal of life, for we feel that the clergy are as much entitled to enjoy themselves as all the rest of the folks.

However, it is for the clergymen to judge, and if they are the losers by it, the loss is theirs, not ours. One thing, however, we are glad of, and that is, if the stout-hearted gentleman, who claimed that there were more ministers in jail than actors, was right, they certainly in the future are not going to be able to blame it on the movies.

How the Bathing Girl Has Come into Her Own

(*Continued from page 19*)

is soon to be with us again. The censors, so it would seem, have lessened their vigilance, and the sad sea waves will once more be whispering in the ears of the screen beauties.

And, who knows, it may be the salvation of the movies. Otherwise how in the world could they ever recruit new talent? Since nine-tenths of our feminine screen stars got their starts as bathing beauties, the bathing beauty as an institution seems too important to die out.

It's these beach comedies that give the new girl an opportunity. If a girl has the looks but not the experience, she hasn't a chance in the world for a straight dramatic role. But when a director is looking for girls to wear million dollar bathing suits—aha! that's different. One doesn't need experience to wear a bathing suit. All one needs is a figure. It isn't necessary to know how to do anything—not even, as a rule, to swim.

The bathing beauty comedies are the happy training ground for beginners. Many a lovely screen star has risen from this humble beginning, and it's a good thing for the movies if the censors will let us have our bathing beauties back again. For, we ask you in all seriousness, how else are we going to recruit our stars? You can't have any Venuses rising from the foam if the censors prohibit the foam!

Cultivate Flowers to Prevent Divorce

(*Continued from page 21*)

do not have some squabbles. But people in private life don't have to take the public into their confidence about it.

The publicity given to the private life of screen stars discourages harmony between married couples in the screen world. The public seems to except them to separate should they chance to disagree ever so little, and then some one starts a story about it and forecasts a possible new wife or new husband and—well, it just happens. If they had ever, ever intended to "kiss and make up," the idea is shattered. I think that the thought of the majority has a greater force in shaping individual conduct than we realize. Don't you?"

We said "yes indeed" to this, and we said it heartily with the assurance of one in the know.

Mrs. Hayakawa feeling encouraged by this unburdened her mind in the fashion of the citizens of Hollywood.

"Thousands of persons," she said, "in private life get into the divorce courts and they get out again without noticeably endangering the national peace. But one single instance of a man or woman even remotely connected with the screen, seeking the aid of the divorce courts, is made much of, heralded from coast to coast, and held up as a horrible example of what the movies are doing to the morals of the world. One would imagine Hollywood to be a den of iniquity, instead of which, it is just a nice, quiet, ordinary little California town.

"Oh, but——" we began protestingly, "you have to concede that few marriages among screen stars turn out like yours. Of course we are with you heart and soul in defense of 'dear old Califor-nee-yah,' but 'facts is facts,' and—we'll suppose that we are discussing marriages in general, not in screen-particular—what would you suggest as the best way for a woman to keep the dove of peace from deserting the fireside?"

"There is only one way for persons living in the same household to get along happily. It does not matter whether it be husband and wife or the various members of a large family. They must all have for their ideal—a sense of beauty. Beauty is inseparable from harmony. Distrust and dissension and disputation are ugly. Any woman who has beauty in her soul will express that beauty in her home above all other places. If she always does this—I don't believe ugly thoughts or acts will find a place in her domestic life. You know the Japanese teach their daughters the cultivation of beauty, as Americans teach the study of music and dancing and all the feminine accomplishments that are supposed to justify a "finishing school" period for growing girls.

"In Japan there are contests for flower-arranging, for example. Prizes are given to the girl who can achieve the most artistic effects with flowers, and the arrangement of interiors. I think this has a great deal to do with harmony in a home.

"Of course there are divorces in Japan, but I believe they are arranged without the personal abuse and acrimony that characterizes such disagreements in America. And after all, isn't that the worst part of the so-called divorce evil—the accusations, the bitter hatreds and the frightful indelicacy? To think that two persons who have once loved each other could come to that—it is so unlovely!"

Tsuru-San put one slender white hand over her eyes as if to shut out a painful sight—and we agreed with her.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

esting surprise for the spectator is the brief appearance of Marshall Neilan at the end of the picture, "chauffing" a baby carriage.

Edward Dillon and J. Gordon Cooper directed the picture, which, on the whole, is quite interesting. The film was badly cut in the beginning, making the continuity jumpy and incoherent, but as the story gets under way, the loose ends are cleared up. "Broadway Gold" is certainly not what one would consider an artistic picture, but there is no denying that it will be a popular success.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE"

Jack Holt in Another Crook Comedy

Apparently "Nobody's Money" was a successful picture; sufficiently successful, that is, to warrant selecting for Jack Holt another story as nearly like it as possible. So Douglas Fairbanks' former stage success, "A Gentleman of Leisure," was chosen, and the cameras began to click.

"A Gentleman of Leisure," like "Nobody's Money," concerns the adventures of a young plutocrat, who, through a set of trick circumstances, is mistaken for a crook. In this instance, a young man about town, attracted by the looks of a haughty young lady, makes a bet that he can procure an autographed photo of her by the next day. The fun begins when he breaks into her house to steal the picture and is, of course, caught in the act. From then on, of course, there are various complications having to do with some stolen pearls, until the story is brought to the conventional happy ending.

Jack Holt has a large following, all of whom will doubtless enjoy him in practically any picture. To us, in this role, he seems a little incongruous, playing the dashing, debonair type of hero who could sweep a girl off her feet by his tempestuous love making. Jack Holt just doesn't look like that sort of man; his appearance is much too Teutonic.

Sigrid Holmquist, on the other hand, is delightfully cast as the heroine. She has all the haughty charm which the story calls for and is decidedly pleasing to look at. Frank Nelson is perfectly jolly as the real burglar who tries to make away with everything in sight. Alec Francis and Casson Ferguson are also in the cast. Adele Farrington did not in the least resemble the titled Englishwoman she was supposed to portray, though it was purely a matter of looks rather than acting.

The picture is well produced and told in clear, coherent fashion. There is no danger of its straining your intellect, and if it bores you just a little you can at least feel comfortable with the realization that the theatre is "twenty degrees cooler inside." "Not so good—but not so bad"—just "one of those things."

Charles Ray Analysis

(*Continued from page* 18)

face of energy or one that enjoys competition for its own sake, apparently he discovers most of his happiness by engrossing himself in work. He would be capable, I should say, of intense periods of work, followed by almost empty idleness.

He is somewhat egocentric in type, but he is not particularly introspective. This face, more than the face of any other film actor I have thus far analyzed in this series, suggests the power of complete absorption in a role so that the role becomes the man.

Fortunately for him he has chosen always roles which are suited to the dominant impression he conveys—that somewhat wistful simplicity, which, as I have pointed out here, is only the basis of his real character. To call him jaded would perhaps be hardly true, yet he approaches that, and the contrast between a jaded man with a wide knowledge of the sharp and harsh aspects of life, and a simple young fellow in his early twenties is striking. It is a distinct achievement and a credit to his artistic abilities that he has been able to convey that part so well under the circumstances.

Much, of course, of his inherited character is quite unaltered. There is an amusing curiosity, for instance, shown in the nose, and a clear indication of an ability for comedy. The humor in which the face abounds is not entirely satiric. It has a certain delicately sorrowful quality which is the secret of all great humor.

He is virile, and in his contacts with reality he may possibly emerge from his reserve to show to some extent a brisk and uncompromising hardness. But this is purely protective. Back of that, one may be sure from the features before us, he escapes to a kind of make-believe which is no more affectation, but a retreat from his own cynical wisdom.

Some of these dreams are mingled with the reality of production, and become photoplays, which Mr. Ray's large following shares with him.

Do You Select Your Movie By Its Title

(*Continued from page* 8)

so often before the picture is finally released.

Take, among forthcoming pictures, "McTeague," Eric Von Stroheim's next. "McTeague" is a classic of American literature, but it won't bring in the crowds with that title. It is to be called "Greed," which makes one think of all kinds of deep-dyed villainy, of piles of gold. And Mary Pickford's next, which was to be called "The Street Singer," will go by its original title, "Rosita"—and we picture a Spanish girl with castenets and dancing eyes. And there's Norma Talmadge's "Ashes of Vengeance"—sounds lurid and hectic and thrilling!

All this is what the title writer has to keep in mind. He has to stop and visualize what his title will suggest to you and me as we stand outside the theatre. For he thinks, as do most of the screen editors, that it's the title that makes us movie fans go to see a picture.

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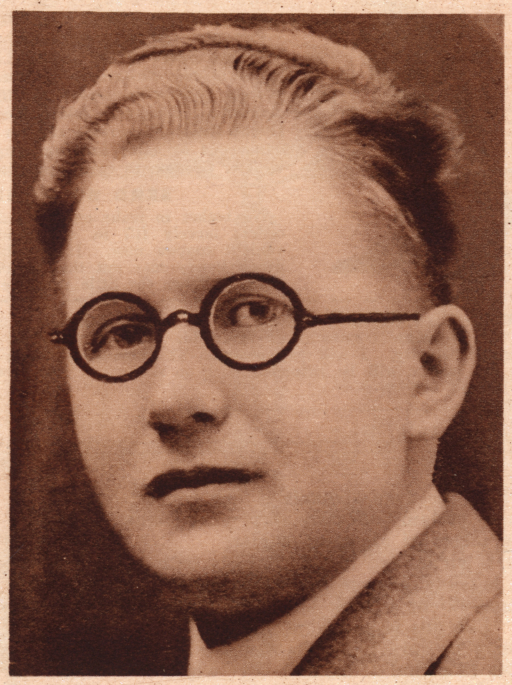

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Ordinary measures failed to grow hair because they did not pentrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

In all the world there is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you on my personal guarantee of satisfactory results, or the trial costs you nothing. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Already hundreds of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin, falling hair, have through this method, acquired hair so thick that it is the envy and admiration of their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these usually disappear after the first few applications.

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